# THE ARYAN PATH

**Point out the "Way"—however dimly, and lost among the host—as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.**
*—The Voice of the Silence*

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## "THUS HAVE I HEARD"—

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The stroke of the tongue breaketh the bones. Many have fallen by the lge of the sword; but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.
—*Ecclesiasticus* XVIII, 17.

Once again, during the last few eeks, in connection with the India-kistan Pact, our Prime Minister s had to condemn the sin of esponsible talk and gossip.

From frivolous chatter and whis-rs of innuendo to calumny and ackmail—the kingdom of social imals is enveloped by the crimes speech. Everybody talks about ch harmful talk but few try to t a curb to their own tongue-gging. Why is this? Because e real nature of speech is not derstood.

Human speech is dual, correspond-to man's dual nature. Spirit in n is creative, and so is higher ech; its influence is far-reaching space and in time. Like Vishnu, t speech sustains the ideation of Spirit, immortalizes the images ated. Inherent in that higher ech is the regenerating influence Shiva, under which word-messengers become more pure, more beautiful, more peace-giving, and, like the human soul, they spiral heavenward.

The converse is also true. Lower speech stammers useless words, harmful words, violent words, obscene words and these may well be named expressions of lie.

The organ of speech may appropriately be compared to a Bridge which connects the World of Sages and Seers with the world of mortals. Man's tongue and his vocal cords sing heavenly hymns or utter terrible curses. Silent repetition of sacred texts is done by the same organ which utters obscenities. The purification of speech is an early requisite of higher life. This implies that man, with his will and thought, his faith and aspiration, must endeavour to practise the art by which he makes his brain and blood channels of higher speech. Between the body

and the mind, speech is a link. The *Gita* in its 17th Discourse speaks of three exercises—*tapas* of body, speech and mind.

Gentle speech which causes no anxiety, which is truthful and friendly, and diligence in the reading of the Scriptures are said to be austerities of speech.

*Manusmriti* (IX. 138) declares :—

Let him say what is true, let him say what is pleasing, let him utter no disagreeable truth. Let him utter no agreeable falsehood. This is the *Sanatana Dharma*, the Eternal Law.

The Master Buddha has spoken of the anger of the tongue and has advised that one should leave off the sins of the tongue; "practise virtue with thy tongue."

Family life, friendships, statecraft as well as spiritual endeavours, suffer grievous harm through wrong speech. Impulsive and egotistic speech are very common phenomena. Thoughtlessness is the womb of wickedness and impulsive speech begets egotistic speech. Egotistic speech has numerous manifestations from simple bravado to cunning conceit. The desire to hear one's own voice is very general and quickly descends to speaking about "I" "me" "mine" —joke, innuendo, white lie, grey lie, black lie; here is a concatenation.

Not all men are prepared to assume the responsibilities attendant on the spiritual life; but all desire a better life—better than the one they are living. Most however, fall and fail through forgetfulness to apply what they know to be right; that is because regular study and reflection on self-improvement are weak. The India of today suffers from this. Greed in business, anger in frustration, lust in society, beget the brood of falsehoods, from foolish rumours to black treachery.

Even more important than the work of legislating for the welfare of India is the task of reforming as quickly as possible the speech of its citizens. To meditate on the few quotations given above and to attempt to practise them will soon produce a good result. Here is one more from the Buddhist canon. It enshrines valuable ideas. It gives to speech a unique position. "Anything that is well said is a word of the Buddha." In the *Sutta-Nipata* good words are defined as

> the words that are well spoken, which conform to the Dhamma, which confer salvation, which are pleasant and true as opposed to unpleasant and false, and because of their intrinsic merit may be assumed to be spoken by the Buddha, despite the fact that no text containing them is available.

This not only sounds exaggerated but borders on very dangerous ground. And yet the statement enshrines a profound truth of Raja-Yoga.

Let us put away ignorance and its misleading child, ordinary speech. Here is an aphorism from *Light on the Path*, a small and sparkling gem which deserves to be better known in the world of today where people are struggling for light. "Attain to knowledge and you will attain to speech."

SHRAVAKA

# BACH AND BOMBERS

## BICENTENARY OF BACH—28th JULY 1750

[ **Dr. Z. A. Grabowski,** essayist in English as well as a Polish novelist and critic, has here recorded an unchronicled victory of the last war, a victory of beauty over ugliness, of harmony over din, of artistic mastery over the blind forces of destruction. A slight theme? Maybe; but a confirmation of Galsworthy's insight that peace depends upon there being enough lovers of beauty. Confident of the better morrow, we wish that Dr. Grabowski had closed his essay in anticipatory triumph: "*—and the forces of creation won!*"—ED. ]

Only the other day in talking with a friend about some memorable concerts by Backhaus, Schnabel, Claudio Arrau, Cortot and Gieseking, I mentioned Egon Petri's rendering of Bach and Liszt and my friend nodded and said: " You know, Petri died a few years ago in America? "

I had not known about Egon Petri's death; and my friend's casual remark brought to my mind a rich crop of memories. Egon Petri! From the early days of my youth I still remember his kind, rubicund face and his eyes smiling benevolently behind his round spectacles. It was during the first World War that Petri had decided to settle down and to hold his piano classes in the Polish winter-sports resort of Zakopane. He loved Zakopane, nestling at the foot of the Tatra Mountains, although he had been born in the Dutch Lowlands. Petri was a familiar figure in Zakopane and the whole year round enthusiastic pupils used to arrive at his villa from all over the world to get instruction in the art of piano-playing. He was a kind, yet exacting, master and his own clear-cut, meticulous playing was unsurpassed in its pure nobility. I remember how one day Petri lost his temper—a most unusual thing for this kind-hearted man—when somebody praised in his presence a Polish pianist of some renown: " *Wie kann man so schmutzig spielen?* " ( " How can one play in such a slovenly way? " ) —was Petri's curt comment. For Petri was all for a fluent technique and his playing was faultless; some friends of mine told me about a rather unusual performance of his when he had played Bach with a towel spread over the keys and Petri, who did indulge in such musical " practical jokes, " never faltered during this test.

I remember the first concert I ever attended: it was one given by Petri in Zakopane during the last of those gloomy years of the First World War; how he came to the rather shabby hall at the Morskie Oko Hotel in Zakopane and started to tune up the neglected piano himself. The hall was dimly lit and unheated and people were sitting in

heavy overcoats. But the moment Petri started playing Bach's "*Chaconne,*" following with Liszt's "*Die Forelle,*" we forgot all about the war, empty shops, *ersatz* coffee and *ersatz* tea, made of berries and leaves, and about the imminent collapse of the Austrian Empire. Petri transformed the world for us into something reverberating with beauty.

Many years later, when the Second World War was already casting its shadow everywhere, I listened to Petri playing in Zakopane before an enthusiastic audience. His art had gained in maturity and there was about his playing that wonderful quality which the French language describes as "*limpide.*" It was summer-time and as we strolled with some friends along the moon-swept streets of Zakopane the pearly notes of "*Die Forelle*" were still beating on the stillness of a magnificent mountain night. From the fields and meadows at the foot of Gubalowka, —that giant hill lying prostrate along the western horizon, a hill from which the best view of the whole range of the Tatra Mountains can be obtained—the heady fragrance of hay, drying in the sun throughout the day, assailed us. The pathway up the hill, leading through a sheltered ravine, was dark but the fields around us were lustrous with dew. The Gothic outline of the Tatra Mountains rose proudly before our eyes in an opalescent haze of moonlight—cold, grey-blue, unreal. There they stood, stiff and erect, like high priests in their ceremonial robes officiating at the mystery of space. A slender girdle of mist was slung across the forests of the Regle and near the giant ski-jump Krokiew. It was iridescent, like a transparent veil studded with diamonds.

In the winter of 1941, I went to a place near Bristol to give a lecture at an Officers' Club. I was asked to stay the night, as a German air-raid on Bristol had already begun; German bombers were flying just above the manor-house and the park which the Club had taken over. I went to bed but the monotonous droning of the planes' engines, followed by the energetic outbursts of the anti-aircraft guns, kept me awake. Then suddenly, a piano in the officers' mess became alive with music. Somebody was playing Bach with a rare assurance and a firm touch: the music grew in volume and in strength, drowning the deep bass of the German bombers in triumphant stanzas of magnificence. I listened to that music coming from below, battling with the monotonous drone descending from above: and I became fascinated by this conflict between the forces of creation and the forces of destruction. Bach's music was throbbing throughout the manor-house and there came to my mind the saying of one of the outstanding Polish literary critics, Stefan Kolaczkowski, a lover of music and the author of a book on Wagner's operas, that Bach was "the Godfather of Music." Kolaczkowski's kindly face came to my memory as he spoke those words in

his timid, shy voice; I knew that he was no longer among the living: he had come to Cracow, broken by his detention in a German concentration camp, like so many of his colleagues from the University of Cracow,—to die quietly and without complaint.

Bach's music took possession of the manor-house and I recognized in that firm grip and in that sure touch Egon Petri's clear-cut technique. The German bombers were retreating, leaving Bristol aglow with fires; but Bach's music remained with us till the small hours of the morning.

When we met for breakfast in the officers' mess I enquired about the midnight concert. One of the officers, smiling and clean-shaven, grinned from behind a cup of steaming coffee, "I thought you would prefer my kind of musical noises to those of the Germans....Yes, of course, I was a pupil of Petri's at Zakopane...."

Often during the darkest days of the war I recalled that cherished memory. When the sound of destruction was filling the air of London, when fires were raging and houses collapsing; later on, when visiting the ruins and desolation of post-war Europe, when trekking along the trail of death and of degradation all over the Continent, I often thought of that weird night near Bristol when the forces of creation embodied in Bach's immortal music had fought a long battle with the din of destruction.

Z. A. GRABOWSKI

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# THE BACH BICENTENARY

This month falls the bicentenary of the death of Johann Sebastian Bach. Born in Eisenach, Germany (1685) he died in Leipzig, July 28, 1750. His eminent biographers agree that biographical material is scanty and suffices merely to locate the successive phases of Bach's artistic development. His personal life appears simple, domestic and hard-working; his greatness being revealed in and through his music.

Bach's work manifested steady concentration of purpose. He gathered from everywhere artistic methods, making them useful for individual artistic creation. For himself it seemed necessary to gain command of every side of his art in order to express adequately the complex spiritual wealth of his genius. Critics say there is no decisive difference between his sacred and secular work, the loftiness of his style making all akin; and his idealism and sense of responsibility to his work show forth in the uniformly high standard of all his compositions.

Schumann wrote that, to Bach

> Music owes almost as great a debt as a religion owes to its founder.

He is held as both the "greatest of polyphonists" and a mathematician who brought counterpoint to great perfection. His music, practically forgotten for 50 years after his death, subsequently spread coincidently with the work of some of Germany's greatest thinkers, among them Goethe, who with Mendelssohn instigated the Bach revival of the 19th century. Musicians record that much of Bach's music still awaits the discovery of the right way to perform it.

# OVER MEN

[ As the dominance of totalitarianism over the minds and hearts of men and women in all countries grows, not the least important aspect of the legacy of Gandhiji may prove to be the key to the fortress, the value and use of which he demonstrated and which **Shrimati Lila Ray** describes. However dangerous that key in ignorant, self-seeking hands, it offers men of courage, conscience and discrimination, singly and in combination, an effective *passe-partout*.—ED. ]

" A man is a summons and a challenge."—WALT WHITMAN

Freedom for man has meant freedom from the authority of those who abuse it. In seeking this freedom men have invariably invoked an authority higher than the one they set at naught, the King against the feudal lord, the parliament against the King, the people against the parliament and God against them all. Several hundred years ago there was no appeal against the authority of the feudal landlord. Abuses of power led to changes that gave absolute authority to the King; there was then no appeal against him. Abuses again led to changes which gave absolute authority to the electorate of the national state, put constitutions into writing and separated the legislative, executive and judicial powers through which authority at all times functions. It became possible to throw any controversial issue open to the verdict of the vote and the individual was assured a fair and open trial by jury with the right of appeal to a higher court. If injustice occurred public indignation could be roused to the point of affecting election results. But elections are expensive and cannot be held often. Parliaments are run on the party system and ruled by party caucuses. An unscrupulous party can so dominate them as to usurp the entire authority of the people. Such a thing has happened in recent times, most spectacularly in Germany and Italy. Theories of authority had little or no meaning for the wretch in Belsen. All these developments were as though they had not been. He was as helpless before the criminal whim of Hitler as were the slaves whom the elder Cato used to slay with his own hand.

What, then, is authority? In the *Oxford Dictionary* it is defined as the power or right to enforce obedience; Webster says it is the right to command or act, as legal and rightful power, power due to opinion or esteem, influence of character, station or mental or moral superiority. MacIver in *The Web of Government* writes:—

By authority we mean the established *right* within any social order, to determine policies, to pronounce judge-

ments on relevant issues, and to settle controversies or, more broadly, to act as leader or guide to other men.

The power to enforce obedience as distinct from the right to do so means the big stick, the assumption behind which is the fundamental badness of human nature, the idea of original sin, the cynicism that sees the atom bomb as the only security against chaos and crime. It regards fear as the primary emotion and fosters the belief that every man has his price, assessing men accordingly. Heraclitus and Machiavelli, Alexander and Hitler, Ku Klux Klanners and modern power philosophers like Fichte and Nietzsche are some of its exponents. It is a tradition of long standing and has its ramifications in the psychology of each of us. Its motto is: Might is right.

Webster and MacIver both mention only the *right* to command or act and enforce obedience. For them the big stick is a usurping and precarious power. MacIver takes pains to show that it alone has never been enough to establish authority or maintain it for long. The right to command or to act and enforce obedience is something quite different. Such a right may be derived from the law, from social status, from mental, moral or spiritual superiority and the esteem they bring, but the big stick does not confer it.

Laws are rules like the rules of football or cricket. Their object is to keep life pleasant and profitable. They exist in the way of life of a people, in its customs and traditions, long before they are codified. Laws are, in effect, crystallisations of public opinion. Social status is closely associated with them. Hobhouse imagined people living before the reign of law in incessant turbulence. Anthropological evidence is to the contrary. Life is bigger than law and law derives from life, not life from law. Some jurists limit the function of law to the definition of legality, not of right or wrong. Almost any government can give its acts a semblance of legality.

Laws may give expression to the highest moral principles—and they may not. Moral right is something quite distinct from legal right. What is morally right may even be illegal at times, as was the manufacture of salt at Dandi. On a number of notable historical occasions the divergence between moral and legal right has been glaring. Nor are laws always more effective when they do give expression to a moral principle for, as we all know, much good law is badly enforced and some doubtful law is enforced perfectly. Enforcement is not inherent in the law. Codes of law and constitutions are, at their best, barricades against relapses into barbarism, but they can be mere historical relics. Hanfeitse of China sought to devise a system of administration so mechanically perfect that the personnel could be a matter of indifference, but men can never be indifferent to their rulers without disastrous consequences. For, though the rule of

law is, as Aristotle said, the rule of reason, its agents are men and the human factor is always an incalculable one.

If the first source of authority is the subhuman brute force of the big stick, the second source is human, being the opinion of a people as expressed in its laws and customs. It is a delegated authority which is temporary and revocable.

This brings us to the authority attendant upon mental, moral and spiritual superiority. The mental superiority of an Einstein or a Galileo, the moral superiority of a Gandhi, the spiritual superiority of Christ and Buddha has given these men an authority that will last as long as men are men. There is likewise the authority of great books like the Upanishads, standing supreme in their own glory, and there are the great anonymous myths, the strange similarities of which can only be accounted for as evidence that men everywhere are much the same. Pride goes before a fall as surely in Japan as in Iceland; greed and envy are universally abhorred; courage is always courage; cowardice is cowardice; wisdom is wise and the sinner sinful.

MacIver, in his illuminating study of the part myths play in government, points out that a myth postulates a fact relative to a value and in this way ratifies values, attaching them to reality. A myth of authority, he says, is at the core of every myth structure and the manner in which these modify men's social nature makes it possible to rule them. These myths are the moulds for the psychological patterns of our race. When older bases of authority dissolve with changing circumstances, they have to be revised and adapted to new worlds. They are dateless either because they convey an undying truth or because they most aptly express the fundamental needs of human nature.

The myth of nationality is at the core of the myth structure of our own day. It is losing its force. Our old values are dissolving and we find our new ones still in an amorphous state. We know that they must come from an expanding sense of larger and more universal relationships but competitive nationalisms, competitive racialisms and competitive interests of various kinds still obscure our vision with the dust of combat. In the interlude, modern society has fallen back on the brute power of the big stick to silence and crush what it cannot reconcile with its outworn ideology. It is not that new ideologies are not ready for us; they are, but they are so radical that we are not yet ready for them. Discarded historical forms also tend to reappear in such twilight times, cropping out like geological strata laid bare by some cataclysm. Both the Nazi and Fascist creeds were cultural recrudescences. There is a parallel development in India. The ideology of Gandhi has not been accepted wholeheartedly; neither has the alternative creed of Marx. Neo-Hinduism and Neo-Islam are the

only substitutes and both are cultural throw-backs to a time when theocracy had not been discredited. So Gandhiji was assassinated by a fanatic Brahmin and Pakistan is a theocracy. So is Israel.

Lastly, we have to consider the authority of that handy-man of the human household, God. "Men of Athens, I honour and love you; but I shall obey God rather than you," said Socrates at his trial. To the King who condemns her to be buried alive Sophocles makes Antigone say:—

"I heard it not from Heaven, nor came it forth from Justice....They too have published to mankind a law. Nor thought I thy command of such might that one who is mortal thus could overbear the infallible, unwritten laws of Heaven....I would not, I, for any terror of a man's resolve, incur the God-inflicted penalty of doing them wrong."

Jesus answered with a counter question those who questioned his authority: "The baptism of John, whence was it? from heaven, or of men?" And Gandhiji wrote in his message to the Congress in 1909:—

The sons of Hindustan who are in the Transvaal...hold that loyalty to an earthly sovereign or an earthly constitution is subordinate to God and His Constitution. In interpreting God's Constitution through their conscience they admit that they may possibly be wrong...they accept with resignation the penalties provided and trust to the working of time and to the best in human nature to make good their position.

The authority of the Pope, in theory and in practice, rests on the assumption of delegated divinity. Manu is supposed to have been the son of Brahma and Hammurabi claimed that his code of laws came from the Sungod. The divine right of Christian and pagan kings and the aristocratic inheritors of their blue blood has reddened as many pages of history as it has ennobled. So we find that divine, or at least supernatural, sanction has been sought alike by ruler and ruled, oppressor and oppressed, conservative and rebel, ancient and modern, man and woman, Greek, Hindu, Christian, Shinto. The enormous number of gods the human race has fashioned reflects the variety and degree of the sanctions men have required.

The idea of God must be pursued to its source in the human mind if we are to arrive at the final source of authority. For this it is not necessary to become involved in theological controversy. If we accept Laski's definition of conscience we can safely substitute it for the word God and thus clear our minds of confusing associations. Laski writes, "It (conscience) is not a long-sighted selfishness, nor a desire to be consistent with oneself, but it is a messenger from Him who, in nature and in grace, speaks to us behind a veil...."

This should be acceptable to all, even to Marxists, for Lenin and his great teacher were conscientious men. So it is from our conscience

that we derive our intuitions of right and wrong and the criterion of good which is the ultimate arbiter of our conduct. In it lies that peculiar magnificence of the human spirit which Whitman has described as that

> Something a man is (last precious consolation of the drudging poor), standing apart from all else, divine in his own right, and a woman in hers, sole and untouchable by any canons of authority, or by any rule derived from precedent, state safety, the acts of legislatures, or even what is called religion, modesty or art...the simple idea that the last best dependence is to be on humanity itself, and its own inherent full-grown qualities without any superstitious support whatever. The idea of perfect individualism.

This is the idea of man as fundamentally good, an idea that has come down to us as the noblest human tradition through a long line of great thinkers of whom Rousseau and Locke, Ruskin and Tolstoy, Marx and Gandhi are only a few. It is the idea of love as the primary emotion and holds that responsibility breeds reliability and independence develops intelligence. It seeks to create, not to break, men.

*The conscience has its own separate and rather mysterious guarantees, for it is the arcanum of the soul. It is unpredictable and unamenable to reason. It fumbles along inarticulately only to flash out in blazing revelation at an unexpected moment. At such times the conscience of a single man may illuminate the entire landscape of an epoch.* This central fact makes human association an adventure of the spirit more thrilling and dangerous than any exploratory expedition into an unknown part of the earth.

People of a dogmatic turn of mind who like security and comfort have always found conscience, particularly the conscience of others, unsettling and exasperating. With remorseless logic they have sought to tame and control, oppress and eliminate it. No priest, no patriarch, no king, no law, no tyrant, no mob has ever succeeded wholly. From the beginning of the 17th century the national state has demanded the whole of men's allegiance, exalting itself into a sort of godhead. When the Pope attempted to make the boundaries of his authority commensurate with the bounds of men's minds he did the same thing. As a consequence the Church ceased to be human and ceased also to be humane. Then came Luther. If the state, as Laski contends, has become what it is as the result of the slowly accumulating experience of mankind, surely the men of our generation have had enough experience of the abuse of authority by national states to convince them that absolute authority can no longer safely be left in their hands!

This has indeed received recognition in the recent adoption of the Charter of Human Rights for the people of Europe by the European Assembly of the U.N.O. In it, provision is made for the setting up of a European Commission of Human

Rights to which private citizens or corporate bodies of member states can bring allegations of violation of the Charter. Thus private persons, for the first time in history, are to have, theoretically at least, the right to arraign their states before an international court. This, limited as it is, is no doubt the thin edge of the wedge of progress.

Some men have always found it possible to trust a limited number of other men. History records a long series of compromises, involving the reluctant extension of this trust to a larger and larger number of men as new categories have forced themselves upon the attention of the privileged and made their way into their charmed circles. For the present this right of appeal against one's state is confined to Europe and perhaps to paper, for national states are still powerful enough to harass and frustrate in a thousand ways any of their members desirous of making such an appeal. The international court itself may fail, as other supreme authorities have failed, to guarantee justice. Democratic machinery is always clumsy and slow. If immunity for appellants is not secured the right may have no practical value. Yet a point from which expansion is possible has been indicated and a step forward taken.

For the common man the problem of authority is the problem of its abuse. It is not that men have never found the conditions conducive to the flowering of their latent greatness under any of the various kinds of rule. If they had not we should have no common human heritage. It is only when abuse of authority sets in that a form of government becomes intolerable. Unfortunately, no system of government, domestic or foreign, has yet been devised which maleficent men have not been able to pervert. For upwards of 2,000 years men have dutifully sat in solemn assemblies, devising ever more elaborate and ingenious safeguards; yet we are nowhere near a solution.

Plato said that the state should be so ordered that men who understood that neither an individual nor a society could be made happy by making them richer or more powerful than their neighbours, should be in effective control. Laski speaks of the duty so to organise the character and processes of authority as to make it, in the widest aspect, the servant of right and freedom. Carlyle felt that it was a matter of personalities. If the right man was put in authority, he said in effect, all good things would follow as a matter of course. Without him no institution, however well organised, could do effective good. Acton pointed out that even the initially good and disinterested are corrupted by power. Bertrand Russell states the problem in modern terms when he asks how, in a planned economy, adequate democratic control over experts and planners can be provided. How can present concentrations of economic power be broken up and new concentrations of a similar

character prevented ?

Socialists would solve the problem by giving more and more power to the state but, unless the state itself is brought under control, that is no solution. In granting greater and greater powers to higher and higher institutional bodies, do we not expose ourselves to an even greater peril, the peril that an ambitious abuser of authority may seize them ? May not these powers themselves get out of control ? Few things have been easier than for an efficient and energetic government, willing to pay the price, to bribe and bully a whole people into slavery. A time when it will be possible to bribe and bully a whole world into slavery is not inconceivable, for, as we have seen, enforcement is not inherent in the state and its machinery or the U.N.O. and its machinery. It is impossible to make constitutional provision for all eventualities. Today once more we are confronted with the failure of the traditional checks and counter-checks. They were of no avail to the man in Belsen.

Mill concluded that eternal vigilance was the only safeguard. Where public vigilance flags liberty is soon lost. Who is to be vigilant ? The public. Men and women. The individual and the group. So we are driven, as Gandhi was driven, back to the last and best dependence, dependence on humanity itself. It will be a dark age indeed in which some men and some women will not follow the demands of their conscience in the last resort and, like Socrates and Antigone before them, prefer death to submission from fear of some man's resolve.

Vigilance must be followed by protest if it is to fulfil its function. Confronted with flagrant abuse of authority the individual has two alternative courses of action. He may submit or refuse to submit. Submission is obedience, refusal to submit is disobedience. Obedience, wrote Edmund Burke, is what makes a government and not the name by which it is called. Thoreau added the corollary that disobedience unmakes it. Numbers, even to the point of unanimity, make no difference. They may justify political action but they provide no guarantee of its rightness. Those convicted in the Nuremberg trials were guilty of crimes against humanity, not against the state. Humanity alone can lay claim to the whole of our allegiance.

It remained for Gandhi to realise the originality of this approach to the problem of authority through obedience and disobedience. In his life he worked out a technique of disobedience which he used as an effective alternative to revolution. No consideration of authority can be complete, therefore, without a study of obedience for, although authority is not the handmaid of obedience, its immediate presence or absence is indicated by the presence or absence of obedience. Disobedience dissolves the sovereignty of the authority disobeyed. Authority is the first thing to be lost by a government in decline. It is then forced to abdicate its

functions, for its orders are no longer carried out. The last thing to be relinquished is power.

Disobedience is an effective remedy against all forms of government. It restores to men their sense of human dignity where oppression has debased them. It checks the subtle undermining of the human mind brought on by a helpless sense of succumbing to an uncontrollable power, which may or may not be baleful. It shows people how to do something about the present and future state of things and thus restores their interest in life, freshens their sense of right and wrong and revives their faith in the inherent goodness of man—a faith that Gandhi had in full measure—whether the man be lettered or ignorant, wealthy or poor, of high station or low, black or white.

Obedience and disobedience make government possible or impossible. Neither is a simple act. Even in its crudest form a large measure of muscular co-ordination is implied. Certain responses must be chosen while others are forgone. The responses must also be in some sort of order. Orderliness implies discipline. The setting in order of the personality and the disciplining of the mind is the act of education. Its art lies in the judicious combination of authoritative guidance and freedom. Not until full maturity is a person able to discover and obey the authority of his own conscience. That is why the right to vote is given at the age of twenty-one and not at the age of ten.

The human being matures slowly and throughout his period of growth he needs the protective shelter of an external authority which provides and organises for him his means of growth. Without it he feels lonely and exposed; the strain of having to choose for himself his faith, his vocation, his opinions and his acts before he is ready to do so results in moral confusion and may eventuate in nervous collapse. On the other hand, an excess of external authority during the period of growth stunts and deforms, permanently arresting, instead of fostering, development. The relief and pleasure felt by so many people when war or some similar emergency makes authoritarianism more than usually general is a measure of how widespread arrested development actually is.

People who have more freedom than they are capable of handling feel bewildered and "lost." They suffer from anxiety states and, because of their inability to distinguish right from wrong, become the prey of any masterful charlatan who happens along. On the other hand, people for whom too much is done, whose lives are arranged for them from the cradle to the grave, become incapable of taking any initiative or of making an independent decision. They follow custom, law, tradition and opinion blindly. Where accident or wisdom provides authority and freedom in due proportions a perfect individual results. Such men show us what we are meant to be,

what we can be, what we should be. It is from such men that we learn what sort of world we need to build and for whom.

Herbert Spencer well describes the process of education in his definition of civilisation. "Civilisation," he writes, "is a progress from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity toward a definite, coherent heterogeneity." It is a progress from masshood to manhood. A person truly educated takes on definiteness, clarity, outline, emerging like a sculptured figure from a shapeless lump of clay. The association of a number of such persons is a federation of free individuals. They can successfully engage in the search for right that is the only true sovereign power, a search that the members of a state must undertake separately, *via* their consciences.

The traditional constitutional safeguards failed the man in Belsen. Brute force failed Hitler. Violent revolution brings in its wake counter-revolution. There remain only the methods of Gandhi. In the opinion of some these have not won a conclusive and spectacular victory. At least they have not failed. The only certain check on authority is, in the last analysis, revolt or the threat of revolt, individual or general, non-violent or violent. Only free individuals acting singly and in groups can set a limit to authority.

In *Poorna Swaraj* Gandhiji sums up the subject thus :—

Real Swaraj will not come by the acquisition of authority by a few but by the acquisition of the capacity by all to resist authority when it is abused. In other words, Swaraj is to be obtained by educating the masses to a sense of their capacity to regulate and control authority.

LILA RAY

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Ask not lowly of thy heart, tho' lowly
For holy is it, and there dwells the Holy.
God's presence chamber is the human breast,
Ah ! happy spirit with such Inmate blest.

—JALALUDDIN RUMI

# THE FUNCTION OF POETRY

[ **Shri N. Madhava Rao**, Commissioner for Income Tax of Mysore State, lectured on this interesting subject on January 13th, 1949, at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore. We publish here a report of his lecture, condensed to meet our space limitations.—ED. ]

Is it legitimate in 1949 to think about rhyme and metre and things like that when the world is going short of food and clothing and all the necessaries of life, and is torn by conflicts? "Fiddling when Rome burns," we may be told. But, if I may quote Aldous Huxley, Rome would not be burning today—by Rome I mean the world—if the Romans had taken an intelligent interest in their fiddlers. That is the case for poetry.

I am not here to discourse on the theory of poetry or to give a historical retrospect or a literary criticism. The subject is too vast and I am not an authority on it. Therefore I shall confine myself to the present parlous condition in which poetry finds herself, the reason for it, and a suggestion that poetry be rehabilitated in this unpoetic world. I consider it a very important subject, though far removed from our immediate interests.

We moderns are a bit shy about poetry. Writing or listening to poetry is looked upon as a waste of time. The attitude that poetry is not only useless but is even vicious, is as old as Plato. Plato was of the firm conviction that poetry was not an activity worthy of men of intelligence and that its effects were definitely pernicious, rousing emotions of all kinds and therefore disturbing the clarity of thought. As an imitation of nature at second-hand, it was worthless; the poet writing about the lives of men and women was writing something twice removed from reality. That attitude has been expressed from time to time since Plato. No less a literary genius than Carlyle, I think, wrote poetry in his early days, but said that nobody should write poetry if he could avoid it.

What is the function of poetry? A function is an activity which has some relation to an organism. The biological view of poetry was presented by Aristotle and the whole trend of Western poetry has been on the lines on which the "Master of those that know" fixed it in his *Poetics*. He said there was such an activity as poetry, whether one liked it or not. Praised or condemned, people were compelled to recognize it. It was a fairly universal view. Aristotle started with the premise that poetry was an imaginary reconstruction of Nature which was continuously at work to produce æsthetic forms and shapes. Now, why should we have poetry or, for that

matter, any art ? Can we not get on without it ? We can do many things to be happy—drive cars, or go to the cinema, but why write poetry ? What makes people do so foolish a thing ? We have heard it said that what we make of our art is what we make of our life. If our expression of art is bad, then our life is bound to reflect that badness. That may or may not be true, but all good art has its effect on life. Bacon said, " It raises and directs the mind. " Art leads to wishful thinking ; much of which is portrayed in writing and in art.

But there is a very broad class of writing, in which reason is " bowed and buckled to the mind. " That is the view put forward and emphasized by Horace in his *Ars Poetica* which, for its influence on literature, is equal to Aristotle's *Poetics*. Horace says that Nature is orderly or reasonable, and that therefore poetry, which seeks to reflect or imitate Nature, ought to follow reasonable standards. That leads in course of time to the Classical school of literary thinking. That was the line which poetry took until Sir Philip Sydney came along and said that poetry should be free of convention or set reasoning. This idea of spontaneity led to the Romantic school. Ben Jonson reversed this when he said, " Yes, but reason ought to prevail. " You ought to give a meaning to each word and write something that has structure, is understandable, readable and capable of being enjoyed.

In spite of these differences in points of view, in each age people have been moved by the words strung together by the craftsman called the poet. We are all, of course, in our ordinary moments living on a plane of existence where things appear in a certain way. When I think of the chair, the room, the tree, I forget that I am thinking only of the *idea* of each. Words are used as symbols all over the world. If we look at Nature as it is, we see not the ideal tree but a strange form different from the tree which we always think of. Therefore, it has been held that these word-patterns do not reveal the reality behind them. Things as they look serve some purpose, but the reality, substance or consciousness behind them is something very different. This supernatural world is the most profound Reality. It comes home to us startlingly at moments when we are taken off our guard, but not while going to the office or doing the ordinary things. Just for the moment we are translated to another sphere. Then suddenly to our everyday sense things look impossibly queer.

These pictures spring from imagination, which opens the door of reality to the poet. The poet is a man like us and his life is similar to ours. But experience is not what happens to us but what we make of what happens to us. The poet makes quite a different thing of his experience from what I make of mine. An old man is coming down the steps of the library. The prac-

tical economist and the social reformer might think of an old-age pension, or of finding a house where the poor old man can be made comfortable, but the poet begins to wonder about old age. Is that not dangerous and unsocial ? This is a view put forward by Marx in *Das Kapital*. It is slowly coming round to this, that writing poetry is looked upon as a waste of time, and unsocial.

Not many years ago, even in our own country, business men, politicians, read poetry. In England you would find Gladstone quoting freely from Homer and Lord Beaconsfield answering him with something from the Greek or Latin classics. What is the change due to ? I think, to the fact that we identify our interest mainly with necessary exchangeable commodities. The struggle for existence has become keen and we have no time to think of these impractical things.

In spite of this people do still write poetry. They may not be able to produce works like the old masters; nevertheless the minor poets of today are writing. Why ? The explanation goes to the very root of the nature of poetry. Somehow or other there is in all people, the feeling of poetry; we are all poets to the extent that we sense life's experience as a whole. We place these experiences and emotions above material possessions. There is an urge in us, making us every day look for something beyond the tree that we see, though it may satisfy us for the moment.

I cannot distinguish a true scientific discoverer from a true poet. Both are engaged in finding out the nature of reality. The scientist takes one route. The poet wants to know what a thing is and what it has to tell him. He puts his feelings down in words. Some people are under the tyranny of having to express, not their own ideas or their social reactions, but highly unreal things which strike them as more real than the things they see.

Language has been developed to express ordinary ideas. A poet has to use the same ordinary words to say extraordinary things. Therefore he puts them in rhythm and in rhyme and somehow manages to rouse emotion. The words he uses take on a different meaning and gain a certain cadence. They spring to life, as it were, giving a kind of revelation which we receive but cannot explain how. A judicious dropping of irrelevances causes the significant to reveal itself from the medley of experience. Unwilling as we may be, we are moved. If we were not, no poetry would be written or read. Shall we allow it or put a ban on poetry ?

Art is more natural than Nature and the poet's words do bring out things which were not there before. But if these things are real, in what sense are they real ? By some miracle we do make something out of this medley. We are not all windowless monads, closed in by flesh for, by some strange lot, we do experience and are able to communicate our ex-

perience to each other. The poet's only care is to see that what he expresses is strictly in accordance with what he has seen. To the extent to which he is sincere, he is great. Wordsworth's hills of England, for example, had no meaning till he wrote some lines about them, and they became real to us. The poet can see majesty, glamour and loveliness in things because he really puts these into things which did not have them: Is it not all imaginary? There is a difference between an imaginary picture and one based on imagination.

The extraordinary thing is the great sense of unity with the whole of the universe which the poet gives us. It is that feeling, flowing through the poet, which infects us. If there is one thing real to me it is this feeling. The poet always writes about this reality. It is because he writes about it that, though we all exist as apparently separate individuals, we all feel in a sense united, like sister islands linking their coral arms under the sea. That is why I may be able to make you feel my feelings and think my thoughts.

Poetry is not something unreal or fantastic. The poet talks about as hard a reality as science itself does. This poetical emotion is not one of the ordinary emotions. The poet has to choose, refine and cleanse them and use them with the greatest care. Life is a stern reality with which we have to grapple, and therefore it is of all experiences the most substantial and true. We are unable to express our feelings, and so we suffer; we feel a great sense of relief when somebody has told us what he felt. We say that it is exactly how we also felt. The poet can write about high moments of significance and make them real. He makes us see our life as it is, and that is why the things he has to say make us all kin.

When all political glories are forgotten, the poet will be remembered. We talk of Shakespeare, Milton, Dante, because of the infinitely significant things they talked about. Poets do not write about things which will not open out a vista into the beyond. It may be a small thing that a poet takes up, something insignificant in itself which we are apt to miss, but suddenly it blooms in the poet's mind, and he tells us in his own burning words. We also are on fire and see for once as he saw. How does he manage it? He takes the burden of the emotional life of the world upon himself. The poets take up our emotional problems, and are able to solve them. The whole of our life is one long effort to escape from something which we cannot really flee. We cannot escape from Self except into Non-Self, although our shell may be broken through love or through another emotion, and then we see ourselves connected with a great many things. The poet seems to put his finger on the particular spot where a number of things are seen to be related. We all have the same feelings but the poet, talking about our own feeling that should

make us sad, somehow makes us feel exalted. "The sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought." By a curious contradiction, those things which are suffered by us, become sweet and give us access to something outside of ourselves. That is where the poet helps us, but for whom we should have no access to those wonderful regions. The poet gives us release and satisfaction and that is the secret of the enjoyment of poetry.

I want to say one thing more. The poet is the true internationalist. If only the poets, the "fiddlers" are given the chance, I think that they and not the politicians or the statesmen will make us see that we are all one, and that will probably solve most of our difficulties.

N. MADHAVA RAO

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# LEADERS AND FOLLOWERS

"Are Our People Corrupt?" demands Acharya J. B. Kripalani in *Vigil* (New Delhi) for May 6th, and in answering the often-heard charge he denies that any people or nation is fundamentally defective in character. There are in all peoples both good and bad instincts and qualities. This is in line with recent anthropological findings, but Acharya Kripalani goes further, to trace the rise and fall of peoples and to seek an explanation of these in the presence or absence of appropriate leadership.

The long-term explanation of a slow decline in the capacity of a race through the centuries, as from the mighty men of ancient Egypt to their Coptic descendants, from ancient Greece's men of power to the inhabitants of modern Greece, is doubtless to be sought in a decline in the average development of the Egos reincarnating in the race concerned. But Acharya Kripalani is right in seeking nearer home the explanation of its having been "the same people considered today corrupt and characterless, who under Gandhiji's leadership challenged pretty successfully the might of the British Empire."

He takes numerous other examples of peoples galvanized into the expression of unsuspected possibilities by leadership which has brought out new traits and powers. The people of Russia had been transformed under Lenin and Stalin, as had the Turks under Kamal Pasha, while under Gandhiji's inspiration people not always considered brave had become heroes and martyrs.

"Where there is no vision the people perish." It is the dynamic power of an ideal exemplified that can fire the popular imagination and burn away the dross.

> It is up to the leaders of the people to inspire them by new dreams, hopes and aspirations....If the leaders fail the people, it is wrong of them to add insult to injury by accusing the people of a congenital defect of character.

# A JEFFERIES CENTENARY MEMORY

[That Nature herself speaks to him who comes to her for instruction is known by those who have approached the Great Mother with quiet eye and understanding heart. Of these was the English naturalist-mystic Richard Jefferies (born in 1848, died in 1887). Of these too is the author of this word-sketch, **E. J. Rogers**, who has found in Nature, in the deep silence of the woods and in the spirit of the countryside, he writes us, the "base to man's life which enables him to see if he stands upright" and that which prompts him to seek self-identification with the Whole. He is a lover of ancient Indian thought and an ardent admirer of the man of whose centennial observance he writes here: "After much reading I have come to the conclusion that Richard Jefferies will one day be shown to be the greatest poet and the highest soul-light of our era, and one of the greatest propagators for a higher and fuller life for man since the Galileean tramp-poet; a man whose words were so sadly twisted and merged into an urban restatement of false State Religion." The quiet charm of the observance in 1948 of the Centenary of Jefferies' birth in his own boyhood environment, well described here by Mr. Rogers, seems singularly appropriate for the day of remembrance of a lover and interpreter of Nature of the quality of Jefferies.—Ed.]

Twelve months ago a group of people met at Daye House Farm, near Coate Water, to celebrate the Centenary of Richard Jefferies. They gathered under the open Dutch barn on a wet, windy afternoon. They were mostly members of the Workers' Educational Association from neighbouring Swindon; others were residential country folk and sportsmen. Some literary people were present and I saw one man of genius. There was an interesting minority of young people who looked like students, but many were farmers who had walked across the fields. It was pleasing to see a gamekeeper there; Jefferies owed much to the keeper from Buredop. The white hair of one active old man of ninety-three, who had known Jefferies as a young man, stirred occasionally in the rather rough summer wind, but sitting unobtrusively amongst the people was one who had a much closer knowledge, Mrs. Hargrave, Jefferies' daughter. Young and old, all sat around on straw-bales, including the central figure of the Mayor of Swindon, but the open farmyard, the fields beyond, and the swift assaults of the summer showers, quietly placed all in the background of nature's equality.

When the earnest voice of Mr. Looker read to us of the beauty of the raindrops, it was a happy coincidence that a passing shower made the puddles dance. The milkers passing to their thatched byre looked at the assembly with detached interest, a welcome contrast to

the self-satisfied stare of the townsmen, and the lowing from the byre afterwards and the clink of the full pails going to the dairy, was all sincere music to those who could spare a thought for one who dreaded an over-industrialised civilization.

After Mr. Looker had given half of his talk, a blackbird came and perched on the top of a tall electric cable pole, and sang as only a blackbird can for the rest of the afternoon. "No sound of voice or flute can equal the blackbird," wrote Jefferies, and we listened to the same slow notes that he had heard from another black-bird in these same surrounding fields in his youth. The air was still between the occasional gusts of wind, as it is when we have summer rain; not another bird sang. We expected the thrush, the stormcock, from his elm-top, but we had only the blackbird of Jefferies to provide a musical background to this talk in his commemoration. Hardy would have loved this scene.

Mr. Looker told us of Jefferies' love of nature, of his worship of beauty, and it was perhaps fitting for this open-air occasion that this facet of his far-ranging mind was given to us, but one felt that the impression of the speaker was that Jefferies was a "nature-lover" only. Many people on the half-circle of straw-bales had read Jefferies' books and knew that this had been but a stage in his development. Like Shakespeare, like Goethe, like all great thinkers, he had passed from the school of nature to the school of life.

Jefferies always described himself as a student of Nature and Life. He knew that the mere sight of nature was only pleasing. It is the ability to merge oneself into nature, to know its spirit and to become part of its spirit, that gives that inner clarity of vision, that rare intuition which enables man to see nature and life with the eye of genius. Many people today see through the mind's eye and their vision is that of the complex mass mind, the "paper" mind. Jefferies called this the "museum-mind," the product of "house-life"; he pleaded for the fertile imagination, for organic thought rather than pedantic scholarship. His thoughts were nurtured in the green field, not in the dusty library. He chose for his symbol the green leaf and you will find this imprinted on the fly-leaf of his books. Jefferies knew that a wider vision must come to a future generation, and a wider development of the human mind through nature.

In his *Story of My Heart*, a unique and precious book that has in it the power of the unfolding bud, Jefferies developed this message, but left us —"to give the meaning to the words"—and it is our duty to attempt this.

Theocracy has labelled this mind-searching, "mysticism," and has always intimated that unless it is canonized it is unhealthy, but all great men and all great thinkers have known this inner consciousness and the development of the intuition from it, but none so intensely as

Jefferies, and he never let it lead him into phantasy. He was more akin to the old Vedanta thinkers whose pure thought enabled them to see with understanding. The Greeks knew this inner consciousness and it seems as if this rare knowledge has grown from its early Vedanta root and travelled through them to the Northern nations. Jefferies repeatedly referred to his country as "our northern nation."

The fusion of ideas always finds expression in one great poet. Jefferies has restated the thesis of this higher thought conception of future man, and its development through nature by a society that is forced to live in a metropolitan civilization. He tried desperately to interpret fully this spiritual resurgence. His ideas, however, were not recognized by his age; they are not recognized by ours, but one day they will be the Lyra prayer of a more enlightened era. Jefferies called this widening of the human mind "a fourth idea," and his conception of it and the mental directions he left for its manifestation constitute the significance of this prose-poet and his immortality.

These thoughts came to me as I sat in the half-circle of straw-bales and breathed the warm air that arose from the golden stalks, and I know that similar ideas came to others in the group who knew that Jefferies' stature was far greater than that of a mere "nature-lover." He was representative of the spirit of England, a white light shining in our darkness. As I looked from the farm-yard to the mist hiding the head of Liddington, I thought of the mist that will one day blow clear from the old dogmatic ideas, the dead branches of thought, and I saw in imagination the future generations climbing the hill to pay simple homage to the genius of the Wiltshire farmer's son, to view the wide landscape of the surrounding countryside and to glimpse a wider horizon of the human mind. I saw the young people not only of England but also of Europe, and, in a distant future, of the world.

Turning towards the gathering under the Dutch barn, I thought of Jefferies' generation and of the old England he knew, and particularly when we all sat down to tea in the straw amongst the farm implements, because a natural and friendly spirit seemed to sing of this. The bourgeois drawing-room became a hollow joke. When the farmer's wife, a sound woman, brought us out a cake of historic proportions, the strength of another age shone from the brown crust and we knew Jefferies was with us in spirit. Afterwards as we left the farmyard and walked along the lane by the sarsen stones, which Jefferies was the first to notice, and through the elm avenue to Coate, we knew that this would be an afternoon not easily forgotten.

E. J. ROGERS

# PANDITHARAJA JAGANNATHA
## COURT POET OF SHAH JAHAN

[ **Sahityalankara Shri K. S. Nagarajan, B.Sc.,** delivered at the Indian Institute of Culture at Basavangudi, Bangalore, on February 16th, 1950, the lecture on the 17th-century Sanskrit poet and critic Panditharaja Jagannatha, which we publish here, condensed to meet our space limitations. The interest of the Mogul Emperors in Sanskrit literature not only had a stimulating effect upon the latter but also made its contribution to the synthesis of the traditional Indian and the Islamic cultures which modern Indian culture represents.—ED.]

The name of Panditharaja Jagannatha is very familiar to every student of Sanskrit literature. No student can say that his knowledge of Sanskrit is perfect without acquaintance with his compositions. He is not a great poet like Kalidasa, Bharavi or Bana ; he did not leave to posterity a work as great as *Raghuvamsha* or *Kiratharjuniya* or *Kadambari*. What he has contributed to Sanskrit literature in the way of poetry is fragmentary.

But the fact that he was not a great poet does not mean that he did not write poetry that is mellifluous, spontaneous and full of beautiful descriptions. One is carried away, uplifted, when one is reading his poetry. What I want to make clear here, however, is his position as one of the greatest writers on poetics, the last luminary in the galaxy of writers in this field.

But before we enter on the subject of poetics, let me give you an idea of the times and circumstances in which Panditharaja Jagannatha was placed. It was the Emperor Shah Jahan, who was his patron. What led him to seek shelter at the Court of Shah Jahan? Jagannatha was a 100% South Indian, born in Andhradesha. He himself says that he belonged to Venginadu and to the Telugu community. His mother's name was Mahalakshmi ; his father's, Perubhatta. On one occasion he refers to his father in these glowing terms :—

To that great Preceptor I bow, by name Perubhatta, the husband of Mahalakshmi, who by his intellectual superiority could extract juice even from stone.

To be able to extract ambrosia from stone! Such was his father's greatness.

One other factor that we must not forget when we study Panditharaja's life and works is that the times in which he lived were culturally very prolific, noted for great luminaries in Sanskrit literature. There was the great Bhattoji Dixita, the expounder of Sanskrit grammar. He also was a very learned South Indian. Among his literary contemporaries, there was also Appayya Dixita, known as the author of 175 works in

Sanskrit, including some on poetics and on philosophy. There is another famous name, which deserves mention here, that of Madhusudhana Saraswathi, who, in an original exposition of the Adwaita philosophy, refuted many of the views expressed by the Dualists.

Jagannatha received his great learning from his father's tutor, and kept the traditions of the family at a high-water-mark. Unlike others, who are diffident of their own capacity, he knew that he was a great scholar. And so with confidence and hope he approached the King of Andhradesha and composed some poems in his honour. The King, who perhaps had no taste for the fine arts, or was influenced by other considerations, was not pleased and Panditharaja did not get a welcome. His poems were not well received. He sought for an interview with the King, which perhaps was not granted. So, in deep dejection, he tried elsewhere to eke out his living. In spite of his learning and his efforts, however, he could not gain a footing anywhere and so was driven to despair. At last he went to Rajputana and started his own school in " Jaipura " ( I do not know whether it is the modern Jaipur ). There came then a turn for the better in his career.

A Persian Kazi came to his school and was very much interested in Jagannatha's Sanskrit poems; he said that Sanskrit and Persian were related languages. ( Only the other day the services of a Sanskrit Professor of Madras University were requisitioned by the University of Iran, with the Government of India's approval. That is what countries outside India are doing in their own interest, for the cause of Sanskrit. How much more should we in India devote our energy to the cultivation and study of this language! If it yields nothing else, it will be a source of pleasure in the evening of life; it will certainly repay in delight all the labour entailed in learning it. )

An argument arose between Jagannatha and this Kazi and to answer Jagannatha's argument the Kazi learnt Sanskrit. The Kazi was defeated in the argument, but he declared that he was successful in his defeat. He went to the Emperor Shah Jahan and announced the presence of a great luminary and intellectual giant as near as Jaipura, who, he said, must be honoured. Shah Jahan had a taste for the fine arts and poetry. The Taj Mahal is an ample proof of the love he had for the fine arts. Naturally, he must have been a great lover of poetry as well.

All honour to the Emperor who had a breadth of vision which we lack today! Immediately he sent for Jagannatha and, on the first occasion when he met him, was attracted by the young scholar's personality. He asked him to compose a poem. It appears that immediately he composed a poem meaning that next to the Almighty the Emperor of Delhi could fulfil the desires of man; whatever other Kings gave would not

suffice for either salt or vegetables—supposed to be the cheapest articles of food. That pleased the Emperor, who at once appointed Jagannatha his Chief Court Poet. From that time onwards commences a new epoch in the career of Panditharaja. He himself says that this title was conferred on him by the Emperor. It was not misplaced. He continued to retain it and deserved to do so.

At this Court he came across another important person, without whose help, perhaps, Panditharaja would not have occupied such a good place among the writers on Sanskrit poetics. That was Asaf Khan, brother of Nur Jehan and father-in-law of Shah Jahan. This Asaf wielded great power and influence over even the Emperor. He himself was also a lover of poetry and naturally this drew him and Jagannatha closer together. Jagannatha writes in glowing terms of this Asaf Khan and in memory of their mutual association he composed *Asaf Vilas* consisting of about 100 verses, describing the head and heart of his friend :—

His words were like nectar; his physical beauty was like that of the Earth; his physical form was decorated by a number of jewels. [Being at the Emperor's Court, he must naturally have worn many gems]; his fame was like that of the Moon; and his mind was as broad as the Ocean; these qualities existed in no other personality on the Earth.

Such was the admiration that Jagannatha had for Asaf Khan. Asaf Khan was born in 1590 and passed away in 1641. Even afterwards, Jagannatha remained at the Court of Shah Jahan for a decade and it was during this period, after the death of Asaf Khan, that his writings received a great impetus and he wrote almost all his works of greatest merit, *Rasagangadhara* and other criticisms on the works on Sanskrit grammar of Bhattoji Dixita, against whom he had a lasting hatred. Learned people are not always free from petty jealousy and even Panditharaja seems to have fallen prey to it. In every sentence he has condemned the statements of Bhattoji Dixita. But even in condemning, he is graceful. Some of his criticisms are extremely interesting and there are coherence and logic, discrimination and originality in the treatment of such subjects in his works.

During his stay at the Court of Shah Jahan, some people believe, Panditharaja formed an alliance with a Muslim lady. Perhaps there was a tragic undercurrent in his life. He does not speak in happy terms about his stay at the Court of Shah Jahan; though with no particular reference to the Emperor or his treatment. His personal life was not perhaps quite peaceful and happy. He met with many misfortunes. "My fresh youth was frittered away at the Court under the thumb of the Emperor of Delhi." What I think is that the Muslim lady with whom he fell in love seems to have passed away, after giving birth to her first child. Even that child passed away

after a few years; he refers to this in one of his *Laharis* :—

How is it that so soon, not taking into consideration the anxiety and care that were shown you by your relatives and the great love which your parents and those near and dear showed to you, so soon you have passed away to be a traveller in the other world?

He has also described the lady in terms very famous in Sanskrit literature, illustrating the style and spontaneity of his poetry. He says that her limbs were as soft as butter and that she was as rosy as the saffron flower; that in her company one would never long for Paradise.

There are people who do not believe in this incident of the Muslim lady. There is no reference to any Muslim lady in any of his longer works. *Bhamini Vilas* is a work describing the erotic sentiment and his domestic situation. And here he refers to his own wife. If you begin to read that book and understand it you will never want to leave it. Though simple, it bears a high touch of pathos. No reference to this Muslim lady appears in it or even in his *Rasagangadhara* or in his other works. So some critics have come to the conclusion that these poems must have been composed by some of his enemies. They also put forward historical evidence that Shah Jahan never encouraged inter-communal marriages. It appears that there was an ordinance prohibiting such inter-communal alliances, which goes definitely against the alleged romance. Whatever the facts, however, these poems even today are generally supposed to have been written by Jagannatha; though nobody has established the truth about them. We can say this much, that he must have had some such connection and that it must have been short-lived, because there was some agitation for putting him out of the community. Appayya Dixita was one of those who supported this agitation on the ground of Panditharaja's association with a Muslim lady. He was not allowed to bathe in the Ganges. He sat on its banks to compose *Ganga Lahari*, which contains very beautiful and lofty ideas and a breath of Advaita philosophy. The poem is composed in a way to draw tears. Ganges, the Mother, rises step by step until she reaches Jagannatha and takes him to her bosom. So his end comes about. That was the greatness of Jagannatha and of his devotion to Mother Ganges. He was a great devotee and well-known for his breadth of vision.

Of his minor works, I will make passing mention. He wrote 5 *Laharis: Sudha, Karuna, Lakshmi, Amritha* and *Ganga*, all lyrics breathing devotion. He wrote also 3 *Abharanas: Jagada, Asaf* and *Prana*. The first he wrote in admiration of Shah Jahan's eldest son; in it he describes his marriage and his domestic life. The second is in memory of his association with Prana Narayana, King of Assam, to which place he went after 1650, quitting Delhi 10 years after the death of Asaf Khan. And

there he was a Court Poet for 16 years until ultimately the Delhi Emperor conquered Assam and annexed it to Bengal. That is, in short, the life of Panditharaja.

Now, we have to consider Jagannatha as a literary critic. His poetry was no doubt of a very high order, but his theories on poetics were of a higher order still. His monumental work which placed him almost in the first rank of writers on poetics is *Rasagangadhara*. One special feature of this is—whereas other writers on poetics have drawn support for their criticisms from older theories and other works, Jagannatha has not cared to do so. For each of the theories that he expounds in *Rasagangadhara*, he has composed impromptu compositions of his own. This is a very great accomplishment in Sanskrit and his work is a rarity. Naturally he had the gift of composing, but to compose impromptu verses to illustrate *Rasa, Bhava, Guna* and *Dhwani* requires not only a gift but also deep learning.

One example I will give—his description of sunrise. The very lines indicate the flow of the swarm of bees falling into the petals and, therefore, sunrise is a source of joy to the entire swarm of bees; and it dispels the pangs of separation in the Chakravaka birds, so it is a source of pleasure to them; it banishes every kind of darkness, not merely physical but also figurative. And "from the invisible to the visible, the Sun is a friend of all people who have been gifted with vision. That lustre rises in the East."

He comments in his *Rasagangadhara* on the classification of *Kavyas*. Anandavardhana was the first to give an orientation to Sanskrit compositions. He was followed by his illustrious successor Abhinava Gupta. In the *Rasagangadhara* Panditharaja has improved on the old classification of Sanskrit compositions into three divisions—*Uttama, Madhyama* and *Adhama*.

The most important thing in his classification, is *Dhwani* or suggestion. This is supposed to be the soul of poetry. I am reminded of a story in *Aesop's Fables*. A gentleman's son had the habit of asking every person who visited their house, "Please give me a penny." His father was very much embarrassed and warned his son not to behave like that. The next day when a visitor came the son was heard asking "Do you know anybody who can give me a penny?" Now, you can see what a difference it makes. Not every sentence written can become a *Kavya*. The sentences must give satisfaction to the mind; that is *Kavya*. What is poetry? Not mere lines with rhyme and rhythm. Poetry is an interpretation of life. It must deal with the problems of life and give an interpretation of life; that is real poetry. It must help you to forget the mundane world and to rise into a sublime sphere; that is poetry. You should not be explicit even in asking and never be explicit in your statement; just suggest it. It may be *Bhava* or *Rasa Dhwani*.

Next he comes to the classification of *Gunas*, qualities or attributes of poetry. It must have *Madhurya* (Sweetness), *Deepthi* (Lustre) and *Prasada* (Clarity). You must have precision in your suggestions. What you mean you must say in such a manner as to produce a simple effect on the listener. For instance, he gives in *Rasagangadhara* :—

Alone with her husband she was there, there was nobody else to disturb; but still there was something which came in the way of her satisfying all her desire.

There is an implication; modesty is implied.

Now, contrast this: he takes a poem where there is alliteration or something of the kind, such as we meet in the poetry of Tennyson and some other poems, a jumble of words in which more prominence is given to sound than to sense. This I will never call poetry, though it contain an *alankara* or a figure of speech. Panditharaja classifies such poetry as *Adhama Kavya*. Sense is the essence of poetry. And therefore we must pay more attention to *Artha Alankara* and then strive for *Prasada* (Precision) and *Deepthi* (Lustre).

Further on in his *Rasagangadhara*, he has dealt with *Rasa*—the depiction of sentiment and the classification of *Kavyas* and further he goes on to the figures of speech. There Panditharaja remembers all the ill-treatment that he has received at the hands of his contemporaries, and subjects them to stringent criticism. Appayya Dixita is the first, though there are others also. Kashmir has contributed much to Sanskrit literature but Panditharaja has attacked the whole line of Kashmir poets. He proceeds to Mammata, an authority on Sanskrit poetics whose statements are even today quoted by commentators; even he has not been spared.

One is left, however, with a feeling that *Rasagangadhara* stands uncompleted; Panditharaja seems to have stopped abruptly. He must have composed or planned in time to compose more, or else circumstances did not allow him to finish this big work. Afterwards he began to write on the *Chitramimamsa Khandana* of Appayya Dixita, which he criticized.

Jagannatha has spoken of his own poetry in brilliant terms. He was not humble like other famous poets, Kalidasa or others, who never even mentioned their own names. He says :—

O Goddess of learning, you need not feel sorry because there is nothing; when they look at my compositions, they will feel like swarms of bees going for nectar; what sorrow is there?

There the suggestion once again is that he is a great and flawless writer, not like those whom he has criticized adversely. So he says, "You need not feel sad. A poet has been born to give succour to you, to bring you once again to your Golden Throne." Perhaps it was his self-confidence that made him write these lines. It is a bit of vanity which may after all be pardoned in a poet of his type. As Kalidasa has said, "One fault in the midst of a number

of virtues will disappear." So also we have to look at the poetry of Jagannatha with that breadth of vision which he himself asked us to cultivate.

One thing that is characteristic of Jagannatha is his methodical and systematic approach to the subject with which he deals. A modern research student will gain not only satisfaction but also enlightenment from his strictly scientific approach. It is remarkable. And he is a poet with critical acumen. To find the creative faculty and the appreciative faculty combined is rare, though there are several who have shown to a remarkable degree the harmonious blending of these qualities. But one who finds fault with Pandithas must be a Panditharaja, a King of Pandits.

K. S. NAGARAJAN

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# THE INTERNATIONAL IDEAL

Prof. Hans Kohn of the New York City College, an authority on nationalism, writes on "The Growth of International Loyalty" in a paper received by the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, through the courtesy of Unesco, which was read and considered at its Discussion Meeting on May 18th. He combats the fallacy that national loyalty is any more "natural" than international, declaring that history does not bear it out. International loyalty can be fostered, which faith inspires the efforts of Unesco, a necessary complement, as he points out, to the effort at international organization which the United Nations Organization represents.

The international ideal is actually older than the national, being implicit, as he brings out, in the universal assumptions of all the great religions of the world; even the 18th-century Rationalists, whose views were somewhat similar to those of the Stoics, insisted on "the fundamental unity of mankind and the growth of a world community."

The 19th century saw the great growth of nationalism, but concurrently the cultural as well as the economic interdependence of peoples grew.

> ...the great literatures of China and India which have shaped the minds and morale of hundreds of millions for many centuries, became for the first time accessible and familiar to the Europeans who found there ancient sources of insight and inspiration.

A fraternity of the peoples of Europe, Dr. Kohn writes, had been the idea of liberals like Mazzini and Lamartine, and at the close of World War I the need for an earth-encompassing loyalty had been voiced by Woodrow Wilson and by Lenin, by Gandhiji and Sun Yat-Sen.

> The unassuming Indian with outwardly so infinitely less power than Lenin or Woodrow Wilson, united individuals in East and West in the common recognition of a moral law above nations and classes.

The peoples, Dr. Kohn declares, are in some cases ahead of their governments in insistence on supranational federations and in developing international loyalty. An ever more encompassing unity of mankind is the world's great hope.

# NEW BOOKS AND OLD

## NORTH INDIAN ART AND HISTORY *

This excellent study is a very welcome addition to the existing literature on the early history of India. The scope of the work is confined to narrow limits. Yet the thoroughness of the manner in which it has been accomplished renders it indispensable to all serious students of Indian history. It deals with a period about which our knowledge at present is as meagre as it is indefinite. And it bristles with knotty problems. In handling them, the author has shown herself to be an indefatigable and undaunted critic.

In the main, she has attempted to correct the prevailing notions as to the origin and development of sculptural art in North India. Whether one finally agrees with her conclusions or not, it must be admitted that she has done full justice to the subject. She has taken stock of all the available data and has critically examined the various conflicting theories based thereon. She has been equally critical in advancing her own views.

By way of clearing the ground, she has first dealt with the knottiest of all problems, namely that of the eras. It is the numerous short, dedicatory Prakrit inscriptions that constitute the principal data for fixing the chronology relating to the region and the period concerned. Although most of these inscriptions are dated, they seldom specify the era used. This has given rise to much speculation. Various scholars, both Indian and foreign, have tried to solve the riddle. As a result, quite a number of eras have been proposed, indigenous and extraneous, such as the Saptarshi, Maurya, Vikrama, Śaka, Parthian, Seleucidian, Cæsarean, Maues, and so forth. The concurrence of such a variety of year-reckonings within the limited area is indeed unthinkable. The writer has carefully scanned the reasoning behind the different eras proposed and has, on good grounds, upheld the view that we have to do with only two; the well-known Śaka era and an older Śaka era. The former, she agrees, was started by the Kushāṇa emperor Kanishka in A.D. 78, while the commencement of the latter she places, relying on the Chinese evidence, in 129 B.C. which, we are told, marks the conquest of Bactria by the Yüeh-chih—Tochari *together with* the Śakas. (p. 50)

What bearing this question of the eras has on the central theme of the dissertation is clear only from the chapters that follow. And that theme is the history of art in North India. Now it so happens that nearly all previous writers on the subject have shown a special predilection for the foreign—Roman and Greek—elements noticeable in the art of North-west India, better known as Gandhāra art, and that their standard for judging the

* *The Scythian Period: An Approach to the History, Art, Epigraphy and Palæography of North India from the 1st Century B.C. to the 3rd century A.D.* By DR. (MRS.) J. E. VAN LOHUIZEN—DE LEEUW. (E. J. Brill, Leiden, Holland. 447 pp. Illustrated. 1949.)

art of North and North-west India has been strongly influenced by that predilection.

The present author sounds a note of warning against this tendency and demands due recognition of the Indian elements in that art. She opines that

> it is beyond dispute that the ideas in this art very often originate from native Indian art as we know it from former stages at Bharhut and Sanchi. ( p. 80 )

She demonstrates this by giving a few illustrations wherein " not only the idea, but design and working-out as well of a certain religious scene were simply copied from ancient national art." (p. 80). She maintains " that the influence from India on Gandhāra has been considerably greater than was generally assumed up till now." (p. 82 )

As to the course of Gandhāra art, Foucher and others hold that its origin is due to the direct importation of the Hellenistic art at a time when the latter was at its peak, that it flourished on Indian soil for a short period and that thereafter it gradually degenerated into Indian art. Against this, the present author maintains that the old native art of India passed through " a short period of strong Hellenistic influences, resulting in the origin of a thoroughly new art," that is, the Gandhāra art. This, according to her, showed " the normal stages of rise, florescence and decay, or a change into a new art," that is, later Indian art.

On p. 92 of her book, she has presented the difference in two graphs, indicating the course of Gandhāra art. As to the period of strong Hellenistic influence, she has shown that it " probably coincides with the domination by the Parthian monarchs." (p. 91). She adds by way of explanation :—

> Their objects of art are for the greater part imported wares or copies of these, and therefore in this short period we can indeed speak of a fragment of Hellenistic art, removed from the eastern part of the Mediterranean basin. ( p. 91 ).

One may ask if we have really got examples of such " imported wares " amongst the antiquities so far discovered, in sufficient number and variety to substantiate the above statement.

In a subsequent chapter, Dr. Van Lohuizen—de-Leeuw comes to grips with another problem which has a perpetual fascination for those interested in the history of Indian art, namely, the origin of the image of the Buddha. As a result of what has been written on the subject by numerous scholars, it is generally believed that the Greek artists were the first to fashion an image of the Master, and that the first image rose in Gandhāra. Authors like Victor Goloubew, Havell and Coomaraswamy doubted this and were inclined to believe that it was an Indian product and originated in Mathurā. The present author has supported this view and strengthened it by adducing cogent reasons. She concludes

> that we find the Buddha image at least half a century, if not a whole century, earlier at Mathura, than in Gandhara. ( p. 169 )

Her study of the Kushāṇa art and the post-Kushāṇa art of Mathurā as also of the history of North India, relating to the period concerned, presents equally interesting reading. It is mainly based on epigraphical data. In this connection she has re-examined many inscriptions and, as pointed out in her prefatory note, her " reading and translation of these " is for the most part " an improvement on the ones

already published." There are, however, a few points where doubt persists. For instance, on p. 183, she has proposed a different interpretation of the Maholi inscription, which is open to the following objections: (*a*) the erection of a stūpa *for* the monk Grāhadāsika is unintelligible; (*b*) the original has *prashṭhāpāyati* (a mistake for *pratishṭhāpayati*), singular and present tense, but it has been rendered by "erected," plural and past tense; (*c*) the term *vasthavya* (a mistake for *vāstavya*) has been taken to be a substantive, whereas ordinarily it is used as an adjective. It may, however, be said that the composition of the inscription is extremely faulty. It may therefore be construed in any way. The term *dharmapatnī*, wherever it has occurred, has been rendered by "first wife." (p. 242 and elsewhere). The prefixing of the adjunct "first" in such cases is not only unwarranted, but also misleading. On p. 272, we have "the wife of Sarttavāhini (or: a caravan-leader?)." This is rather confusing. *Sarttavāhini* obviously cannot be a proper name of a *man*.

These are but minor points. The illustrations and various lists appended enhance the value of the thesis. The addition of a sketch map, indicating the relative positions of the foreign regions like Bactria, Seistan, Parthia, Scythia and others that are frequently mentioned, would have been particularly helpful to Indian readers.

B. CH. CHHABRA

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*The Perennial Scope of Philosophy.* By KARL JASPERS; translated by RALPH MANHEIM. (Philosophical Library, New York. 1949. 188 pp. $3.00)

This is a book with something to say to the layman, the non-specialist with no pretensions to philosophical training; the comments which follow are written from the layman's point of view. This is not to say that the book is elementary or over-simplified—far from it. It is, on the contrary, stiff reading; the author's argument requires close attention, and in places his vocabulary is abstract in the extreme. Nevertheless, what he has to say is for the ordinary thoughtful man and woman, and they will find that the effort to follow him is well rewarded.

The main subject of the book is the definition of what the author calls philosophical faith, which he discusses in relation to scientific knowledge, to religious belief and to the various types of thought which he terms "anti-philosophy." At times, especially when discussing the importance of the essential philosophic spirit to the maintenance of human freedom, he writes with an eloquence of deep feeling which is evident even in translation.

Dr. Jaspers makes with great clarity and force the distinction between truth which is absolute, and truth which is universally valid. Giordano Bruno died for the first, Galileo refused to die for the second, and both men acted rightly. For a truth by which men live stands only if they identify themselves with it, whereas a truth which is universal and capable of proof is existentially indifferent and stands without them. *Faith* is the conviction of absolute truth: *science* in all its forms is the statement of universally cogent propositions capable of being communicated unchanged.

Philosophy must include in its scope both the absolute and the universal truths; Dr. Jaspers protests vigorously against the common expectation that philosophy should exhibit compelling rational insight into all Reality. "Cognition is in the world and does not comprehend the world....universal knowledge, such as mathematics gives, encompasses *something* universal, but never Reality as a whole." Philosophy is concerned with objects of faith at least as much as with objects of cognitive knowledge.

The faith of philosophy—lacking which it has nothing distinctive of its own to give to man—is summed up in three brief, "absolute," non-provable propositions. (1) God exists—and "God" means a transcendent Reality, before and beyond the world; (2) there is in me an absolute imperative, which I experience as the command of my authentic self to my empirical existence; (3) the world is ephemeral, phenomenal, neither self-contained nor self-explanatory.

This brings us straight to what is in some ways the most interesting part of the book—the relationship between philosophy and religious faith. One or the other is necessary to man, for "only metaphysical meanings can provide a sense of contentment with being, of repose in being." Both philosophy and religion conceive of themselves as vehicles of eternal truth, which their historical garb at once conceals and transmits. The author distinguishes between them by the means they use. Religion has a cult, a myth, held by a distinct community; it "embodies man's relation to the transcendent in the shape of something holy in the world"—in a tangible symbol. Philosophy has no cult, no priesthood, no localization of the sacred.

> Men take it from a free tradition and transform it as they make it their own...the tangible symbols of religion seem [to philosophy] deceptive veils.

This is to conceive of religion as almost entirely socially determined. Personal religion, from this point of view, stands at the frontiers of philosophy, and personal prayer *becomes* philosophy as soon as it is divested of all pragmatic relation to the Godhead and passes into contemplation. Unquestionably many people, for whom such contemplative personal prayer is the very heart of *religion*, will disagree with the author's interpretation. They might ask what place, for example, the *Religious* Society of Friends, devoid of separate priesthood, cult or liturgy, but Christ-centred in its faith, would hold in his scheme of things.

There will, however, be wide-spread agreement with his plea that the claim made by some religious systems to an exclusive possession of truth is catastrophic for mankind; it is an example of the failure to distinguish between what is absolute and what is universally valid.

> That which is historically, existentially true is indeed absolute, but this does not mean that the expression or manifestation of it is a truth for all.

If tolerance and charity can be realized, Dr. Jaspers would be well content that the great majority of men should continue to travel by the various roads of religions to the One Truth, for most of mankind need the tangible symbols which the religions provide and philosophy as he has defined it will remain the road of the few.

MARJORIE SYKES

*The Concept of Deity*. By E. O. JAMES, D.LITT., PH.D., DD., F.S.A. (Hutchinson's University Library, London. 200 pp. 1950. 18*s*.)

This study of "the idea of Deity as a beneficent, providential order of transcendental reality," as it has found expression in primitive society, in the ancient civilizations of the East and in the long course of contemporary living religions, is the work of a master. Skilled as an anthropologist of wide experience, Dr. James has brought to his work not only the discipline and insight of his own particular science but also that of the historian and the philosopher. With one exception, one notes with admiration the sureness of touch with which he handles his philosophical material and the generosity with which he interprets it.

This book is more than a study in comparative religion, for, as well as the information which such a study might be expected to give, there is here, as its co-ordinating factor, a living faith. The manifold forms in which this has found expression is evidence, not of an interior weakness and disharmony, but of the strength of its life and of its witness to the Unity which is the eternal truth of all that is. This book lives as an effective challenge to the disruptive scepticism which at present threatens to destroy the world.

The exception which I have mentioned is the account given of Upanishadic thought. Here, so it seems to me, the anthropologist stands in front of and obscures the insight of the philosopher. It has long been the custom of the West to label the thought of the Upanishads as pantheistic. This is an error. To the Upanishad thinkers, the world and the Divine are not one and the same thing. The world depends upon the Divine as the source of its being, but the Divine is not limited by the world. If the Divine were limited by the world and, in this sense, identical with it, then would a special, sundered state be substituted for the Unity and the Unity would be lost. There would be neither immanence nor transcendence, but a void. We ride too easily over the mystery of identity and are betrayed by the simplicity of our logical forms.

But while I am venturing this criticism, I am reminded of an important matter which Dr. James brings forward more than once. There is always a danger that a "bourgeoisie" and an "intelligentsia" in the realm of the spirit may arise. The common, the uninitiated, in their yearnings, needs and questionings are important, not less in this field than in the field of contemporary economics and social relationships. All life must be sanctified and nourished by the spirit until the Many, in its diversity, is seen to be the manifestation of the One, the bearer of the image of God's eternity.

E. F. F. HILL

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*Landscape into Art*. By KENNETH CLARK. (John Murray, London. 148 pp. 1949. 25*s*.)

This book is based on a series of lectures given by Sir Kenneth Clark during his first year as Slade Professor at Oxford University. The object of this professorship is not to give students a detailed survey of the history of art or to make them proficient in some branch of the subject, but, as John Ruskin, one of its two founders,

defined it, to make the students "care somewhat for the arts." *Landscape into Art* cannot, therefore, be expected to be "a treatise on the history of landscape painting," which fact makes it all the more attractive to the reader.

Landscape painting marks the stages in our conception of nature. Its rise and development since the middle ages is part of a cycle in which the human spirit attempted once more to create a harmony with its environment.

Various aspects of man's nature have at different times dominated the process by which "facts become art through love." Several of these—the major ones—are analyzed and illustrated by the author, dozens of reproductions of pictures mentioned adding greatly to the pleasure of the reader. The seven chapters are full of thought-provoking material, but for the purposes of this brief notice we will call attention only to the epilogue. Here are set forth the effects of modern scientific advance, modern beliefs and modern modes of expression on landscape painting. "To any one but a higher mathematician, nature no longer seems to act consistently in all her operations," the writer claims. "In the last few years we have even lost faith in the stability of what we used hopefully to call 'the natural order.'" What result will our consciousness of the terrible new universe which recent research has revealed have upon landscape painting? We cannot say, but the author affirms his belief that in spite of atom bombs and concentration camps the human soul will survive. We may add that, from the stand-point of the students of the Ancient Wisdom, this loss of faith in the harmony of nature cannot be more than a passing phase—the result of the "little knowledge," which present-day science will later prove to represent—and "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

A. DE L.

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*Round the Year with the World's Religions.* By ROYSTON PIKE. (C. A. Watts and Co., Ltd., London, E. C. 4. 208 pp. Illustrated. 1949. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

In this vividly objective and illustrated book, avowedly intended for the young, the author has related the "romance" of the months in the year, which the world's various religions have packed through the centuries with myth and magic, festival and fun; such as the Devil-Dance in Tibet; the Eleusinian Mysteries in the Temple of Demeter at Eleusis, near Athens; the Festival of the Dolls in Udaipur; the well-dressing ceremony at Tissington, near Ashbourne in England, the pilgrimage to Mecca and the Feast of the Ass in memory of the flight of Joseph and Mary with the infant Jesus into Egypt when in the church service the congregation, instead of making the usual responses, brayed irreverently like an ass! Therefore Mr. Pike has written a kind of religious "'History' without tears" in which there is an amalgam of light and laughter. He has, however, placed, incidentally, an undue emphasis on the difference between the respective attitudes of the Hindus and the Moslems towards the cow as one of the major causes of the partition of India into two Dominions.

G. M.

*New Frontiers of Psychology*. By NICHOLAS DEVORE (Philosophical Library, New York. 143 pp. 1949. $3.00)

It is an index of the growing subjectivism of modern man that psychology is claiming increasing attention, though, it must be confessed, we have made precious little advance towards an integration of the subject. We have been accumulating data on particular lines of inquiry,—Behaviouristic, Psycho-analytical and Gestalt.

This book gets away from the mechanistic limitations of 19th-century psychology, accepts a purposivist basis, and advances the theory of "cosmic conditioning" based on recent astronomical findings. The *Spiritual* self thinks with a spiritual mind, the individual qualities of which are or have been conditioned by or through a relationship to gravitation and its product momentum. The *physical* self thinks with a physical mind, the individual qualities of which are or have been conditioned by or through a relationship to radiation. Character is measurable by the extent to which the physical mind is brought under subjection and direction by the spiritual mind.

While partially endorsing the findings of the physical scientists, the author suggests that it is as a result of cosmic conditioning that the varied glandular development in different individuals gives to each a different reaction pattern. Citing Dr. Peterson's "prophecy" for 1948 (p. 19) he says: "Since planetary cycles cause Sunspots, and Sunspots cause the weather, and the weather affects human beings, therefore, q.e.d., planetary cycles affect human beings." These and other details of the thesis, with interesting notes on the basic urges, inhibitions, frustrations, complexes, neuroses, and psychoses are treated with a tantalizing brevity. The science as herein outlined is admittedly incomplete but is presented with singular verve and trenchancy. The Pursuit of Happiness is the dynamic conception which inspires the author.

> If psychology cannot enable man in the aggregate to develop the power potentials that repose in his undeveloped capacity to think, and broaden the horizons within which his thinking is confined until it embraces the whole of the Earth upon which man now faces the final test of adaptability or non-survival, then indeed is civilization doomed.

If the author could draw upon the psycho-physical repertory of Indian Yoga with its command of the superconscious, the occult range and not merely the subconscious of Western psycho-analysts, he would have made the frontiers of psychology conterminous with the whole domain of consciousness instead of simply achieving an objective extension in space which is all that research on Western lines can yield. Altogether a constructive, synthetic study which makes one eager for the detailed exposition to follow.

A. VENKAPPA SASTRI

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*Moons, Myths and Man: A Reinterpretation*. By H. S. BELLAMY. (Faber and Faber Ltd., London. 1949. 312 pp. 16s.)

The Moon, originally independent, is claimed to have been captured by the Earth's gravitational pull, whereupon it became a satellite. In due course, the satellite will be destroyed by the Earth's pull and the Earth itself will also

be destroyed or will become a wilderness, the majority of living beings having been destroyed. Such is the none-too-cheering eventual prospect which mankind, intoxicated with success in handling atom and hydrogen bombs, has to face. All this and more, the author has thrillingly described in this revised and augmented edition of a work published in 1936, basing his conclusions and interpretations on Hoerbiger's revolutionary "Cosmic Ice Theory."

According to Hindu Mythology (*Purushusukta*), the Moon took birth from the mind of the Supreme itself. It is also described as having sprung from the Ocean of Milk when it was churned by the gods and the demons in quest of nectar (*Amrita*) the bestower of immortality, and, again, it is considered the offspring of Atririshi. It is an error to describe Purusha as the "primeval chaos monster." On the contrary, *Purusha* is the Supreme Lord, the Creator envisaged in cosmic form, *e.g.*, the *visvaroopa* of Chapter XI of the *Gita*.

The picture painted by the author in lurid colours will surely recall to readers the Hindu doctrine of *Pralaya*, or of periodical destruction, and of *Srishti*, creation or re-creation of human life and of the environment necessary for its origin and development. The present period of Kali-Yuga is computed to be 432,000 years. Of these, just 5,050 years have today elapsed. Cosmic destruction of the pattern painted by Hoerbiger's theory is luckily hundreds of thousands of years away. If myths could be scientifically elucidated and the sciences leavened by light from myths, such a balanced reciprocity would contribute to clearer understanding. Mr. Bellamy 's work is as challenging as it is original, but neither positively compelling nor philosophically and logically conclusive.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

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*In My Mind's Eye.* By FREDERICK MARION. (Rider and Company, London. 272 pp. Illustrated. 1949. 18*s*.)

Two British psychologists, Drs. R. H. Thouless of Cambridge University and B. P. Wiesner, say in their Foreword that they are "satisfied that Marion shows paranormal capacity of an unusually high order under strictly controlled experimental conditions." The Czech author has been giving his services for prolonged scientific experiments but has behind him a long career as public entertainer with feats of "cryptæsthesia," which seems to be "psychometry" under a new name, of telepathy, Mesmerism and hypnotism, as well as of private sittings.

He rightly insists on the naturalness of paranormal powers in a Universe of law, and on the importance of gaining understanding of man's mind and personality, but he is on dangerous ground in pooh-poohing "childish anxiety" about "playing about with things we don't understand" and in suggesting how to develop such powers. His theories are not wholly consistent, but the anecdotes he relates are fascinating and as he tells us the book is intended primarily to entertain and stimulate, the reader should perhaps not look for more.

E. M. H.

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*Man and This Mysterious Universe.* By BRYNJOLF BJORSET. ( Philosophical Library, New York. 174 pp. 1949. $3.75 )

It is certainly worth while listening to a man who has been travelling all over our globe for many years, gathering first-hand knowledge of Western and Eastern civilizations. Brynjolf Bjorset is an engineer by profession. In this book he is summing up his experiences and insights, out of which evolves a comprehensive picture of our world. According to his view, we live in a universe of vibrations in vibrations. Everything is in rhythmic movement. There is no pause or standstill in the continual cosmic evolution and there are no " dead " things or " dead matter. " Also the food which we assimilate brings into our body " vibrations which sustain and quicken the vibrations of tissue, blood, brain matter and nervous system. " Modern science, and especially the latest atomic research, reveal to us a new insight into the world we live in. Old explanations of the universe are discarded and a new view of the world is taking shape in our mind, the universe of vibrations. Many expositions in this book remind us of the "*élan vital*" of Bergson's philosophy, which Shaw has translated "Life force." Bjorset is not offering some kind of " desk-philosophy for desk-philosophers, " of which the non-professionalist usually takes no notice. His is a scientifically based and at the same time prophetic view of this, our universe, an appeal to everybody who wants to live awake in the rhythmic flow of pulsating life.

Bjorset's ideas are directly related with the practical side of our life, whose most important manifestations are focussed under the peculiar viewpoint of vibrations. The largest space is devoted to the chapter on " Science. " Bjorset is convinced that his picture of our universe can bridge the wide gulf which has threatened to separate irreconcilably the world of religion from that of modern scientific facts, and that the day may dawn when " science will have become religion and religion will have embraced science as it was in the olden days. " The chapters discussing " Art, " " Education, " " Every Day Life, " and " The Family of Nations, " are bristling with practical suggestions which can immediately be applied to our everyday life.

" Man...is no longer a child in a ready-made universe governed by an all-powerful father. " We are participating "in the creation of the universe, which is not yet perfect. "

W. GRAEFE

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*The White Light.* By CHARLES J. SEYMOUR. ( Andrew Dakers, Ltd., London. 149 pp. 1950. 7*s.* 6*d.* ); *Reincarnation for Everyman.* By SHAW DESMOND. ( Rider and Co., London. 244 pp. 1950. 8*s.* 6*d.* )

Both books aim to give simple presentations of the theme of man's nature, development and goal. *The White Light,* unpretentious in style, ethical in conception and thoughtful in idea, will benefit any one who studies it. It deals with the disintegration of the Ego, " the false nucleus of the consolidated *sanskaras* ( deeply engraved impressions, tendencies, desires ), " built up through lives of ignorant action. Man is driven to find the true centre of experience—realization of the one eternal, unchanging Oversoul or

God—without losing touch with humanity in its struggle and suffering. The book consists largely of quotations from Mr. Seymour's own teacher, but personal details are omitted lest they distract from the teachings themselves. He writes:—

> The teachings are not new. They have their roots in, form part of, the Ancient Wisdom. This teacher who has opened my eyes has the power of expressing the Ancient Wisdom in such terms that one is able to see that it is, and always has been the wisdom, social and political, for contemporary times, that is all.

"The idea of rebirth flavours life with romance." So writes Shaw Desmond, whose book is like a cocktail, with mixed ingredients from many sources, well shaken up. Exciting titbits that afford the personal imagination the widest field for expansion mingle with incontrovertible truths about selflessness, freedom as service, self-control, karma, etc. Spiritualistic descriptions of Over There are tinctured with the original Theosophical doctrines, blended with later ideas. Fundamental definitions, like "spirit, soul and body" are emulsified for the popular palate. The theme is supported by delectable details from Mr. Desmond's own past lives, to which only quotations could do full justice.

W. E. W.

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*Thou Art Peter: A History of Roman Catholic Doctrine and Practice.* By A. D. HOWELL SMITH. (C. A. Watts and Co., London. 829 pp. 1950. 21s.)

It would be hard, I suppose, even for the most aphoristically-inclined among us, to demolish so proud and persistent an institution as the Catholic Church in anything less than the third of a million words which Mr. Howell Smith has found it necessary to use in this massive tome which weighs 36 ounces. Mr. Howell Smith is scholarly, restrained and just: he admits that the Church, with its "enormous adaptability and vitality," is still "a cultural and political force our modern world can only ignore at its peril"; and if he exposes Catholic exoteric doctrine as a hotchpotch of primitive folklore and ritual, totem and taboo, he does not go to the extreme of denying the validity of religious experience as such. Theism may break down on a critical examination; atheism may be "quite a justifiable attitude for a philosopher to adopt"; but the mystic "may claim to have the last word."

> The world is many and the world is one. The world is ever changing and the world eternally abides. These two fundamental intuitions cannot be harmonized; but we can escape neither of them.

The Catholic Church has produced a noble line of mystics but they have been relatively few, and have often, like Eckhardt, been charged with heresy. Even so, it is generally realized that the Church today has its esoteric doctrines for the few and its exoteric doctrines for the many: which means that it owes its worldly power and the allegiance of millions of simple souls to the deplorable fact that its leaders will never come clean about what they really believe. But what few of us ever realize, and what we must be grateful to Mr. Howell Smith for bringing out so clearly, is the slyness with which the Church adjusts its dogmas and yet keeps up the illusion of unbroken continuity.

As the ransom theory has passed into oblivion, the same fate will overtake the theory of Anselm and its variants. By subtle reinterpretations, not by point-blank repudiation, will the revolution be effected, so that after the lapse of centuries the faithful will have forgotten what their fathers taught and continue fervently to boast that they believe only what has been believed everywhere, always, and by all.

Nevertheless, when the worst has been said, something remains. In his concluding pages Mr. Howell Smith pays guarded tribute to this "venerable ghost." Catholicism, with its sacraments and symbols and ritual, ministers to undeniable human needs; and it has enriched poetry and art throughout the centuries. "The failure of dogma need not nullify her gifts of beauty." Nor, let us add, her gifts of wisdom in the shape of the writings of men such as Eckhardt and Tauler, Thomas à Kempis and Pascal, Gill and Maritain.

Indeed, this "venerable ghost" is apt to prove something of a boomerang.

J. P. HOGAN

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*The Fox Sisters: A Novel* By MAGDALEN KING-HALL. (Peter Davies, Ltd., London. 269 pp. 1950. 9*s*. 6*d*.)

This novel—whose author has already several works of historical fiction to her credit—is based closely on the history of the two younger Fox sisters associated with the rise of Spiritualism in the 1840's. Like fragile leaves in the fierce current of their unnatural life as mediums, they are whirled to their tragic end, helpless slaves to the drink and drugs taken primarily to "sustain" them in satisfying the greedy public's demands. The drama of the successive swings of destiny, presenting and withdrawing the chances of escape, centres mainly round Margaretta's ill-fated love affair with the Arctic explorer, Kane.

The author omits any mention of phenomena other than raps and makes her mediums frauds whose original childish pranks were cleverly organized by the dominating elder sister Leah. She has produced a pathetic, if somewhat slight, psychological picture of these poor victims of notoriety, but has missed the greater possibilities of the other view-point that mediums are genuine, having a disorganization of the nervous system, which is the connecting link with other planes of existence, not necessarily spiritual; and that the consequent abnormal tension, due to the preponderance of the inner "astral" matter in the physical system, coupled with passivity of temperament, leaves them tragically at the mercy of unknown forces. From this view-point a more profound and pitiful portrait could have been achieved, but it would naturally have demanded far more research and skill.

E. W.

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# THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF CULTURE

[Among the many interesting public meetings recently held at the Indian Institute of Culture, Basavangudi, Bangalore, have been two Special Unesco Meetings in March, one a Symposium on "Food and People" and the other a lecture on "International Understanding," by Prof. M. Ruthnaswami, Vice-Chancellor of the Annamalai University, under the chairmanship of Sir Samuel Runganadhan. Also Dr. L. Dumont of Paris lectured on "What Anthropology Brings to the Modern Idea of Culture"; Mr. Lorenzo Bautista on "The Culture of the Philippines"; and Rajadharmaprasakta Shri A. S. R. Chari, Retired Judge of the Mysore High Court, on "The Life and Teachings of Buddha," on Buddha Jayanti. Dr. Felix Valyi also recently lectured twice, on "The Buddha and the Occident" and "Japanese Buddhism at the Crossroads." The Discussion Group lately considered Miss Katherine Merrill's paper on "Mysticism in the U.S.A.," and a practical discussion of "Sanitation and Conveniences" was led on May 11th by Shri P. Kodanda Rao of the Servants of India Society.

We publish here the lecture which a visiting Chinese scholar, **Dr. Carsun Chang,** gave on December 6th, the other of his two lectures at the Institute having been on "Lao-tse the Metaphysician." Dr. Chang remarked that only the Indian Institute of Culture had chosen the two philosophical subjects in his list of lecture themes.—ED.]

## WHY CONFUCIANISM BECAME DOMINANT IN CHINA

Since I arrived here I have found something quite unexpected. From your Report I find that you are trying to make the idea of Confucius a living thing. It is said there, quoting from your Inaugural address :—

> We aspire to bring within the reach of those who are intent on acquiring it the Way of Life that makes for what the Chinese called Chun Tzu, the Superior Man.

Today, Confucius is being criticized and attacked in China. For whatever does not fit in with the modern times, the blame is put on Confucius. Why is China backward in science? Why is China lacking in philosophy? Confucius is to blame. But here you people want to make the Confucian ideal a living thing. That has given me a great surprise.

China in the past learnt much from India. One Indian friend asked me: "What have you in your history?"

I said, "The best is Buddhism."

"What else?" he asked.

"Through Buddhism, many ways of Chinese life. We got from Buddhism not only the scriptures but also our architecture and the Criminal Code. It has even influenced our language. In the Chinese language, you can pick up thousands of phrases which derive from your way of saying things. We do not feel any difference between this vocabulary and the Confucian vocabulary."

And then this Indian friend asked: "What have you given in return?"

"I think it is hard to find anything we have given you in return."

"Why?"

I said, "You cannot say we have nothing to give; I do not know why we have not given you something in return. Perhaps because this something cannot be imposed from our side. If you find something that you want

you can take it. If you do not want it we cannot impose it upon you."

Now I find that you have made a very good selection from China, because you have taken this idea of Chun Tzu. I do not know how Mr. Wadia understood Chun Tzu. According to us, Chun Tzu means 4 things. (1) One should not have foregone conclusions, be arbitrary or dictatorial; (2) One should not be too certain; (3) One should not be obstinate in one's way of thinking; no obstinacy; and (4) No egotism. That is the meaning.

I think there is another reason why we have not given anything in return to you. This is my own interpretation; I do not know whether I am right or wrong. I think that India's passion is for Religions and you may have found the Chinese idea too realistic or too much on the human level. That is why, according to my interpretation, Chinese ideas never came to India.

But now you have taken this idea with its 4 sides and I think further approach will now come very soon. In China, we are too much on the human level. We lack the religious spirit. And you, more interested in Religion, do not show as great an interest as the Chinese have done in moral codes. Now, I think that both sides are coming nearer to each other every day. And I think that if I speak on Confucius, you will not find that the subject is too far-fetched.

I have not time enough to go into the philosophy of Confucius itself. More or less, Confucius is the moulder of the Chinese pattern of life. He is the man who moulded China by setting the pattern of culture for China. The chief characteristics of this pattern can be recognized when you compare Chinese culture with that of India and Europe. The essential difference can be explained for the present in one basic respect, that is, with regard to the concept of religion, by which we generally mean belief in God and the concomitant theories which we call theology. The religion of the Churches has given rise to friction, as in the religious wars. In China there is no religion in the vital sense. The existence of the central aspect in Chinese culture can only be attributed to the influence of Confucius.

When Westerners came to China, they tried to find out whether or not there was any religion in China. What they found was Confucianism, which they considered to be the religion of China. But when one comes to the deep study of Confucianism and even of Taoism, one finds a great difference between these two schools on the one hand and the religious concept on the other. First, there is hardly anything in either of these two schools that could be interpreted to mean a Personal God. Secondly, a theory of sin cannot be found in the doctrine of Confucius. Thirdly, according to the Chinese people, there is no gap between man and Heaven. This means that when a man is "redeemed" he has redeemed himself through his own force or by the correction of his own mistakes; there is no other course.

I mention this point at the outset to explain the pattern of Chinese culture as different from that of Europe. Confucianism from its birth down to the present day has undergone a number of changes. As in Europe, there were many schools of thought which tried to wield an influence, in China at first the school of Confucius was not more

outstanding than other schools. But from the Han dynasty, that is from the 3rd century B.C., down to the present day, Confucianism became the only authoritative school of thought. Confucius' books were considered canonical and those of others were considered heretical and were banned.

When Buddhism penetrated into China from India, Confucianism began to decline. One may say that it was for some time eclipsed by the teachings of Buddha. Chinese thinkers learnt much from Buddhism. When they discovered Buddhism they thought to found a speculative system on the basis of some assumptions which were lacking in China, such as logic, consciousness of soul. Such assumptions we do not find in our philosophy. They began to build a new system on the basis of these assumptions. That was the origin of neo-Confucianism, as we call the later Confucianism. That is, from the Han dynasty, Confucianism was very much changed, owing to the influence of Buddhism. To the end of the Manchu dynasty, it was usual for scholars to enter competitive examinations to write essays, the subjects for which were taken from the books of Confucius. Although many of the scholars were of the Confucian school, the knowledge they had of Confucianism was merely from the memorizing of ethics. They were not applied as spiritual forces for developing the philosophy learnt in the school.

This atmosphere prevailed down to the 19th century when China was introduced to the European sciences and technique. With this began the popular call for science and, with this, the gradual decline of Confucianism. But there was no denunciation of Confucius; instead the leaders said that Confucius was a reformer and not merely an authority of the conservative school. They took him to be a man who had not only preserved the old tradition but also advocated change according to the requirements of the time. This was at the end of the 19th century. But at the end of the First World War, a movement began with the slogan "Down with Confucianism!" The promoters of this movement held that Confucius, as the man who had founded a system of absolute manners, was responsible for the political tragedies. He was also blamed for China's failure to develop the sciences and to make scientific progress. So now the teachings of Confucianism have receded from their highest popularity. But all attacks upon Confucius have come from lack of understanding of his philosophy. Let us see what Confucius actually contributed to China's history and thought.

Confucius was born in Lu, in the province of Ch'angping in 551 B.C. He lived until 478 B.C., and thus was a contemporary of Socrates. His family was descended from a ruling family of the Kings of Sung. But Confucius was born at the time when the feudal system was in the process of dissolution. Therefore, his family did not enjoy the privileges of the aristocracy. Confucius had to depend on his own efforts and to earn his own living. He wrote: "I am a man of humble origin and I am a specialist in many practical things." He gave himself to learning at the age of 15 and he passed with distinction. Under his appointment as guardian of public fields and lands, it was said that cattle and sheep multiplied rapidly. When Confucius was

only 22 years old he resigned from Government service and devoted his time to improving knowledge. He has described how with a small band of students he journeyed to Tsi, teaching and learning at the same time. During these journeys it is said that he met Lao-tse and asked him many questions and wanted to know everything.

We do not know for certain whether these two men really ever met. But Lao-tse is said to have advised Confucius not to be interested in ceremonies and rites. The activities of Confucius were upsetting to Lao-tse because the latter opposed following any of the old customs. Confucius said that Lao-tse hovered in the air, which could not be of any use in human life.

His travels grew more and more extensive after he reached the age of 30. The main purpose of his travels was to speak to several of the aristocrats as a means of putting his own ideas of Government into practice. It seems that all philosophers have the same urge to lead their people in right ways; but it is not an easy thing and Confucius' attempt to get his principles accepted was disappointing.

Looking back at the political situation in Confucius' time in the light of the subsequent development of the Chinese feudal system, the country was in a state of dissolution. Confucius came to the conclusion that the Chinese Empire had lost its authority. Kings and dukes had usurped power over their neighbours and even some of the lesser aristocracy had grown stronger and abused their newly won power. Confucius maintained that normally in an Empire the initiative and the final decision on matters of education and war formed the prerogative of the Empire. The prerogative had passed into the hands of feudal Kings and at last had passed to the lesser aristocracy. It had happened in four or five generations. This state of political turmoil that prevailed when Confucius lived was like English life during the Wars of the Roses. Confucius called on many kings and dukes for reform. Some students of Chinese history have looked upon the travels of Confucius as having been undertaken in the hope of becoming a great official, a civil servant, and have blamed Confucius. I do not agree with this view. I do not think Confucius was anxious to become a great official. What he wanted to do was to put a stop to the confusion and to bring about legal order.

His visits to the feudal Kings were of the nature of Aristotle's conversation with Alexander. Like Aristotle, Confucius wanted to see his philosophy applied to actual life. The fundamental Confucian principle is that the performance of each should agree with his designation. A Duke with whom he was talking asked: "What is the true nature of Government?"

Confucius said: "Let the princes be princes; public servants be public servants; fathers be fathers; and sons be sons."

This no doubt appears to be obvious; but I can assure you it is not the case. Confucius held that everybody in the country had his particular duty and should observe it, particularly a public servant or one bearing a special name. In other words, each must conform to the duties proper to his designation or status. This consideration of duty is the main canon of the Confucian concept of Government.

After this, Confucius devoted his time

to important literary research and writing. He only handed down the past records to the future generations. This is characteristic of him in comparison to the founders of other schools. He did not give his own ideas as they claimed to do. Those who take the historical approach to a question will be able to agree, because they study the historical documents. Confucius, in contrast to other teachers, lays the greatest stress on this.

Now let us see Confucius as a man, the philosopher whose great dignity is the pride of his country.

Confucius was a man of subtlety; receptive to what was beautiful. On his way to the Kingdom of Ch'i, he heard some melodious music and remarked that he had never thought music could be brought to such perfection. He himself studied music for three months, disregarding his meals. He was emotional and fond of the world. His whole life was learning, and his development has been summed up by himself in the following statement:

> At 15 I decided to give myself up to serious study; at 30, I became placid, full of the spirit of independence; and at 40, I had no doubts; at 50 I knew the decrees of Heaven; at 60 I could understand without exertion; at 70 I could follow my heart's desire without transgressing.

His knowledge was based on his study of the records. But he had also knowledge from the contemplation of the primary problems of the universe. He said that study without thinking was labour lost and thinking without study was dangerous. He never thought of supernatural or miraculous subjects. His life was the life of a teacher and a scholar. He was human and plain; he was simple and the most human of human beings. Once a Duke asked his disciple: "Can you tell me what Confucius is?"

The disciple did not know how to answer. He went to Confucius and said that a certain Duke had asked about his character and that he, the disciple, had had no answer to give.

Confucius said, "Why didn't you reply in this way? 'He is a man who in the effort to acquire knowledge has forgotten his meals and in joy forgets his worries and he is a man so absorbed that he does not know when old age is upon him.'"

He is quite modest and never says he has wisdom or philosophy.

Naturally, from Confucius' day down to ours his words have been subject to many interpretations and innovations have been made in his name. For example, when in the Han dynasty they talked of Buddhism, they dealt with it in the name of Confucius. You may ask the reason for it. The answer is that the authority of Confucianism made it an official school of philosophy. Confucianism went through such a series of changes that it is difficult to present a true picture of Confucius and say with certainty, this is the real Confucius. But the difficulty of presenting a true picture of any philosopher exists not only in China. We know that research as to the real Socrates and the real Plato has been going on for decades.

The question I should now discuss is about the philosophy of Confucius and his attitude towards religion. He admonished his disciples against talking of spirits. This is surprising if we consider that Confucius had no belief in spiritual things. I am not saying that Confucius never believed in Heaven. He used the word Heaven often;

but just as often with different implications. Sometimes, he would use Heaven to mean God as the creator. Sometimes Heaven meant to him destiny, *e.g.*, high position depends on Heaven. At other times he meant the cosmic order when he talked of Heaven. That means the law of reason. Though he may give many meanings to this word, it is clear that he believed in the Universal Order and this was his general idea of Heaven.

It is significant that Confucius never discussed the existence of a Personal God. His concept excludes the idea. With reference to death he said, "When you do not know about life how can you know of death ?" Another time he says, " When you know it, you say you know; when you do not know it, you say you do not know." Correspondingly, " When you are not able to serve man how can you serve spirits ?" Confucius tells us where knowledge is possible and where not possible. This distinction precludes the possibility of establishing a religious doctrine.

As a consequence of this, China for long had nothing to satisfy the natural desire for an ideal world. " Providence" is not born of ethical or philosophical speculation; it is a religious belief. This satisfaction finally came when Buddhism came to China. Yet when Buddhism came to China it had to be explained in the Chinese way. Particularly in order to make the terminology understandable to the Chinese, a time came when Chinese pilgrims came to India to study in the original the Buddhist texts which had been unsatisfactorily translated into Chinese. Modern research reveals these pilgrims who came to India or who tried to come to have numbered several hundred. They all came walking.

At this point we can make an observation; although Confucianism could not satisfy the religious feeling of the people, it allowed them to search for fulfilment to the extent of permitting the existence of a foreign religion. A certain attitude to religion is nurtured by the proposition that all kinds of things can grow on earth without injury to each other. That is the attitude of Chinese thought towards philosophy and towards religion.

Although the Chinese have not, like the Indians, founded any religion, we do not feel that we have suffered any serious consequences. On the contrary, when we know with what fanaticism Christians and Muslims have fought; when we learn how, even within the Christian Church, Catholics and Protestents became rivals; and how religion attacked science, we have been satisfied that such troubles have never reached China. Confucianism has never been so dogmatic towards progress in science and has always showed a liberal attitude.

The Christian missionaries brought the Bible with them, learnt the Chinese language and made it their policy to convert Chinese scholars. At first the scholars did not suspect the missionaries' purpose and thought them to be men of peace, The similarity between the doctrines of Christianity and the concepts of Tao began to attract the Chinese scholars. The missionaries would have succeeded in converting many Chinese scholars had they been wiser in dealing with the question of ancestor worship. Subsequently, however, the Chinese Emperor discouraged the missionaries, though at a later stage it was stipulated by a treaty that the missionaries could carry on their work. Such a liberal attitude on the part of the Chinese people is the fruit of the attitude of mind encouraged by the Confucian philosophy.

CARSUN CHANG

# ENDS AND SAYINGS

"_____ *ends of verse*
*And sayings of philosophers.*"
HUDIBRAS

A ringing call to stop the headlong rush to war was sounded by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan at Unesco's Fifth General Session in Florence on May 24th. He painted the present in dark colours—the encroachments upon freedom of thought by indoctrination as well as State compulsions; the preoccupation with our own virtues and others' defects; the reliance upon superior force and the imminent threat of a war of unprecedented devastation.

Faith in humanity, he declared, was needed, and tolerance, as the first condition of peace.

> Tolerance is not indifference but it is that most precious and difficult quality of impartiality that combines loyalty to one's own convictions with respect and fairness to the convictions of those who passionately adhere to other views.

But something more than ideological adjustment is needed for the survival of democratic values. "Faith must be followed by works." He called specifically for the correction of the anomaly of more than half the world's population, in Asia and Africa, living below the normal subsistence level, while the other part is pouring out its wealth and energy on "armies, navies and air forces which will avert nothing, which will solve nothing." His suggestion of a world development corporation or a Capital Investment Fund, to work on the principle "from each according to its productive capacity and to each according to its urgent needs" is a practical proposal, but who will dare divert from armaments the necessary funds to maintain peace? Will the nations waken in time from their collective madness of hatred, suspicion, fear? Otherwise what hope is there of the new world of which men dream —"a new world of peace, of plenty, of good-will among men"?

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It is not surprising that the speech of Dr. Tara Chand in the debate on the Duties of the State at the Fourth General Conference of Unesco should have "created a great impression on delegates and members of the public." Distributed as an appendix to the just-released Report on that Conference held at Paris in September-October 1949, it pleads powerfully for "a new philosophy of man, a philosophy of man's all comprehensive activity, of all embracing human fellowship."

The national state, he conceded, had given men "a vision of human fulfilment," a sense of atonement and of mutual obligation within its borders, but its "inherent propensity to promote human strife" beyond those borders needed to be tamed.

> We must bring into human affairs the conception that above and behind the positive law of the State, there is the law of man, the law of nature and perhaps the law eternal. The ancient Indian Lawgiver declares: "Law is that which sustains, by law are the peoples held together."

Human conscience was stirred by war, but too soon the glow of idealism began to dim and "practicality" became the watchword. States generally decided all important policies—political, social, economic, even cultural—from the stand-point of their own interests. How to convert them into States responsible to humanity was the problem. The solution demanded of the States "self-examination and correction."

> They have to restrain their will to live for themselves so that the will to live in co-operation with others, the will to live in fellowship may emerge and ultimately become their habit of life.

The States desiring peace had to lend their help to the States struggling with the problems of hunger and of ignorance. The traditions of the East included "a lively sense of the great values of human existence" and "the discipline of the spirit and all that it implies in the realm of conduct." These were perhaps present in greater degree among the illiterate in the East than among the educated elsewhere but the weakness of the less prosperous States menaced world peace by encouraging conflict of ambitions.

The great moral purpose which must inspire the States and the efforts of Unesco to "keep the ideal undimmed before their eyes" was, Dr. Tara Chand reiterated, the realization of human unity.

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Mira Ben, in a strong article on June 5th, points to three dangers facing India and Pakistan—deforestation, soil erosion and water-logging. The Sahara Desert and the wilderness of Babylon bear their mute witness to the folly of abuse of the soil—a warning modern countries would do well to heed. Deforestation and soil erosion go hand in hand and it is well that the Governments of both India and Pakistan are alert to the need for increasing their forest areas. The National Tree Planting Festival proposed by the Central Agriculture Ministry of India for the first week of July each year is at least a gesture in the right direction.

All the other points that can be urged in favour of more trees are incontestable—the need of the people for the protective element of fruit in their diet, the æsthetic and practical value of shade trees, etc.—but their prime importance is due to the protection which they offer against erosion and against the further deterioration of climatic conditions due to deforestation. The estimate, moreover, that 560 million tons of farmyard manure—calculated to be enough for the manure requirements of over 60% of undivided India's cultivated area—were being burnt each year, underlines the urgency of providing an alternative fuel.

Nature is bountiful, so long as man plays the game according to the rules, returns the organic waste to the soil and does not attempt to exploit the Mighty Mother or over-stimulate her natural tempo, by forcing upon her artificial fertilizers, over-irrigation, etc. Mr. George Godwin dealt powerfully with this subject in an article on "The Soil as Source of Life" in our September 1948 issue. Mira Ben puts it tersely:—

> ...when the soil is destroyed, then there is no more sowing and reaping; it is the end.

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